Financiers behind the Footlights, page 102 .

Modern Life

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "Modern Man."

CLEVERLY ILLUSTRATED, WITTY AND BRIGHT.

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THE FAVOURITE.

Modern Life

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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

Inner Meaning of the German Trip.

The German trip of the King and Queen was a glorious puzzle to some of the Fleet Streeters. Although to the Court the trip had absolutely no political significance whatever—absolutely none—the effort to spin a yarn about politics was irresistible to many of the scribes. The *Daily News* headed its account of the King's preparations for the trip "*Not* a Family Affair," and proceeded to read all sorts of tit-bits of statecraft into the programme of the visit. "Nothing is being spared to give the visit distinction. Crack Guards regiments will line the streets from the Lehrter Station to the Palace both for King George on Wednesday and the Tsar on Thursday. . . . The majority of the (Berlin) Press has lapsed into the habit of describing the King's visit as official, which it is technically supposed not to be."

All of which shows how completely the real significance of the visit was lost upon those who are supposed to deal out to us the world's news day by day. So let us tell the truth concerning the "crack Guards regiments" at the Lehrter Station and the rest of it. As is well known, when a European monarch ascends a throne in consequence either of the death, insanity, or abdication of his predecessor it becomes his duty immediately to send diplomatic missions to all the European capitals with his compliments to his brother sovereigns, and later on to pay them personal calls in their own capitals! A breach of this duty would make any monarch extremely unpopular, and hold him up to the taunt of being "no gentleman!" It need scarcely be said that King George of England would be the last to forget his duty in this respect. But, owing to home troubles, and frequent mourning, His Majesty has not yet been able to pay these state visits, which are incumbent upon him.

* * *

Why King Edward Never went to Berlin.

Several such visits have been arranged only to be put off owing to unforeseen circumstances. The first visits which the King will pay to Paris, Vienna and Rome will h significance beyond their friendly character, but the q of a visit to Berlin has always been a somewhat u interesting problem, owing to the fact that King never paid his accession visit to Berlin. The rea this was an old-time antagonism between the eldest Queen Victoria and the Kaiser, which arose many year at the time the Kaiser ascended the Prussian thron may be recalled that the mother of the German E was King Edward's eldest sister, the English Princess and though the Kaiser's father was always the most tionate husband to the Queen's daughter, her irascib displayed little courtesy towards his English mother he came to the Throne. Bismarck, as everybody know the Kaiser's mother, and regarded her as the emis England to the day of his death. And the young sided with Bismarck. Hence the feud between King and his nephew, the German Emperor.

* * *

No Escape for King George from the Berlin

King Edward therefore, though always courteous to the Kaiser when they met, yet showed his unfo the Kaiser's treatment of his mother by refusing t Berlin. After some years, however, King Edward forgave the Kaiser as to call upon him on board the yacht in Kiel Harbour. The Berliners never forgav Edward for this slight to their self-esteem, and they tained that by his call at Kiel His Majesty's oblig visit Berlin in full state had not been liquidated. that may be, King Edward died without ever havi in Berlin as King of England. Nor has King Geor so until this month, notwithstanding that he is now third year of his reign, and that the Kaiser has alre his state visit to King George in London. But w invitation to the Berlin wedding was sent to King His Majesty had no longer any power to remain in the German capital. The bridegroom, King Geo the Tsar are the three eldest surviving sons of th daughters of old King Christian X. of Denmark. refused to go to Berlin on so completely a famil would have been an act which in the chancelleries of would have been regarded as the most unpardonable to the Kaiser and his people. Whatever the fee King George to the Kaiser may be, His Majesty had no alternative but to go to Berlin. And it mus forgotten that the bridegroom is a Prince of Great and Ireland.

* * *

When Truth is Stranger than Fiction.

The Berlin visit was, therefore, a family gatheri*simple*, and the fact that Sir Edward Grey would n Their Majesties was always well known. Yet quite of responsible journals were "kidded" by the "buys the truth" into supposing Sir Edward Grey ance upon Their Majesties to be possible. Foreig taries are not wanted at family wedding gatherin there was no object in Sir Edward Grey going save to give it just that official character which possess. On the other hand, by the visit King Ge discharged his obligation to pay an Accession visi —hence the "crack Guards at the Lehrter Station where.

The Tsar's reasons for going to Berlin were those of King George—the first cousinship to groom, and his blood relationship to the bride. a little amazing to find the clever *Truth* giving sig paragraph in a recent issue: "There is no tru widely-circulated announcement that the Emp Empress of Russia have decided to attend the Roy in Berlin, and the whole story is stated in St. P to be a pure invention. The Court at St. Peter be represented according to present arrangement Grand Duke Constantine and his wife, the Grand Elizabeth Mavrikievna, and they will probably panied to Berlin by Grand Duke Dmitri Paulovitch *Truth* is indeed sometimes stranger than fiction.

* * *

The Three Emperors.

By the way, one reads strange stuff in the "Talk of the Town" sometimes. Animadverting resemblance between King George and the Garvin's paper says "At one time, when the stouter, the likeness between the two cousins

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mewhat, as the King has preserved a youthfully slender gure. When standing side by side they are very much the same height, but if there is a difference it is in favour the Tsar."

Which, of course, is quite contrary to the facts. The ar has not only never grown at all stout, but is "as thin a rake" to this day, but he is nearly three inches shorter han our own Sovereign. King George is not, as is some- mes supposed, a "short" man. He is well over the aver- ge height, but he has a slight stoop of the shoulders which vents His Majesty carrying that "presence" which an en shorter man might do. However, the exact facts about heights of the Tsar and King George are on record. The ar, who is a "short" man, carries 5 feet 6 inches, while British monarch is 5 feet 9½ inches. The German peror is just one inch taller than King George.

* * *

ho Was Lord Augustus FitzClarence?

Young Lord Combermere has got engaged, and *apropos* his future bride, Mr. Mandeville's paper tells us that she is "a remote connection of our Sailor King, inasmuch as she is a great-grand-daughter of another Sailor King, William IV., her mother being a daughter of King William's grandson, the late Lord Augustus FitzClarence, who was, of course, the son of Queen Victoria's prede- cessor (who was William IV.) and Mrs. Jordan." To those of our readers who would like this relationship explained, it means that Lord Augustus FitzClarence was both the son and the grandson of King William IV. One *does* read many things in the papers nowadays!

* * *

ollowing in Father's Footsteps."

Some time ago we gave in these pages an account of the ny marriage tangles of Earl Cowley, and our story ended th the prediction that "in the matter of unorthodoxy Lord wley's son, Viscount Dangan, seems like to follow in his her's footsteps." Our prognostication is fulfilled. Lord gan has engaged himself to Miss Pearl Aufrere, and we re his Lordship's taste. Pearl Aufrere is a dream girl. en in blue silk pyjamas—and we have seen her in them, her!—she is something ethereal. Another such fairy- creature we have never met, and if the Wellesleys and kes and Berties are a trifle shocked at having a Ragtime inscribed upon their family tree they will certainly some consolation in that Pearl Aufrere will put into shade all the other noble dames whose portraits in oils e lined the walls of Draycot Cerne.

* * *

hen Lord Cowley's Uncle Married a Gaiety Girl.

However, we wish Lord Dangan luck of his pretty bride. ter luck, that is, than attended his great uncle Freddy ellesley's adventure with a Gaiety lass. Freddy has ded from the limelight since he took up with Evelyn chess of Wellington, but in days of yore he was "one o' b'hoys," and the Strand buffets and other warm shops knew him well. Now Freddy is bordering upon the allotted span, and can't get about as he once did, though he is still beautifully waxed and creased. He still has the Cold-streamer strong upon him, and in his rural retirement at Winchfield he is known as a spicy talker, whose reminiscences of gay times at Dublin Castle, in the army, "the Diplomatic," and with a Commander-in-Chief in India are well worth remembering. There was, for instance, that ball in Calcutta, when old Lord Clanricarde—but that is a tit-bit which will not grow less interesting if kept for a week or two. Freddy Wellesley had knocked about a bit when he settled down to wedded woe with Lord Augustus Loftus's daughter, and though he meant to go straight, he came of a clan which is old-fashioned in its notions about marriage.

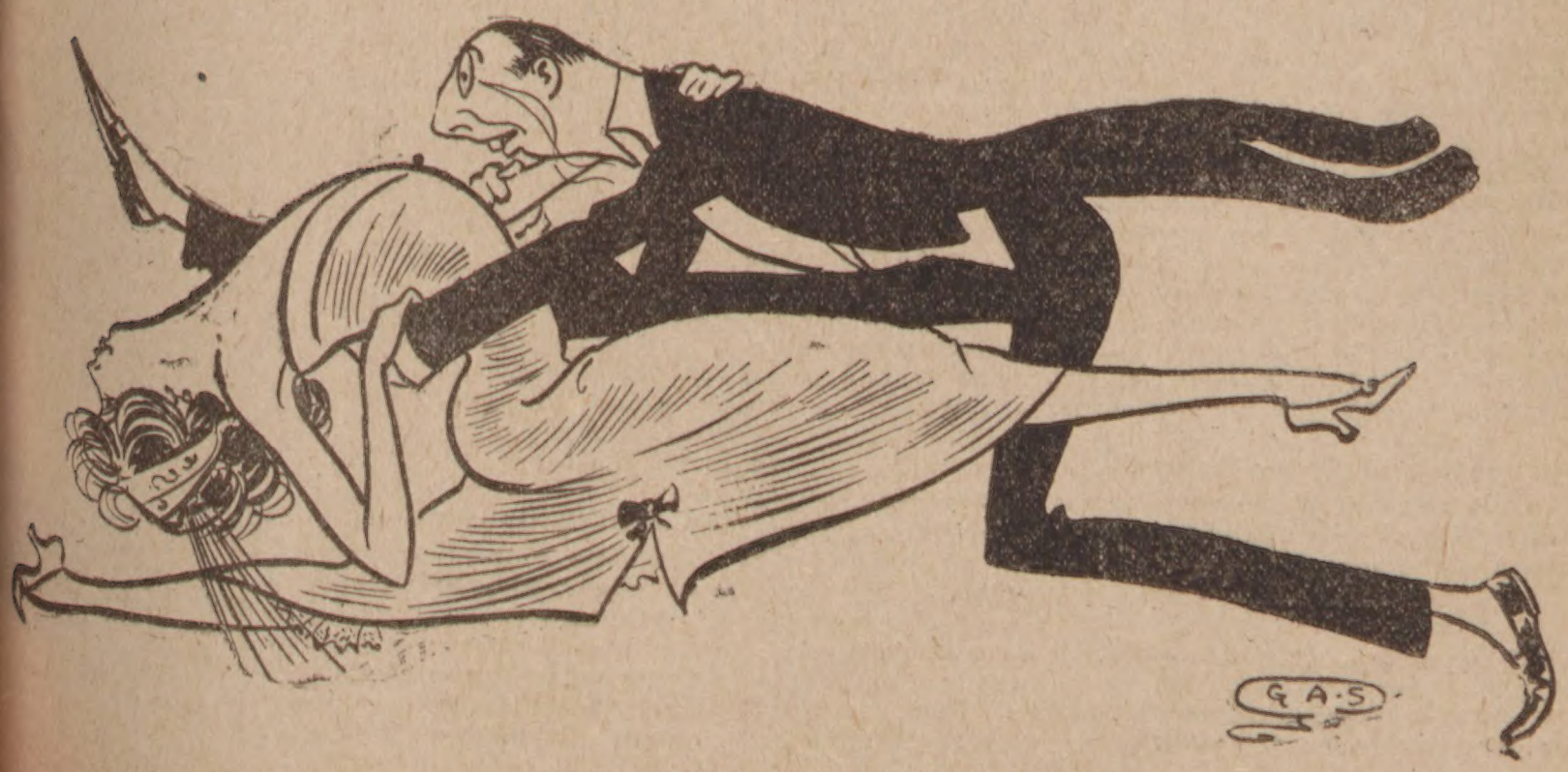
Colonel Wellesley's Life with poor Kate Vaughan.

Miss Loftus stuck Freddy for the best part of a decade, however, and then a judge of the Divorce Division set her free. Freddy then proceeded to "live the life." The Empire knew him well; so did the Gaiety, so did poor Kate Vaughan, though she eventually succumbed to his entreaties to help a lame dog over a style, and they got wed. But Kate Vaughan was no match for Lord Cowley's uncle, and though she tried hard to stand by him, the time came when parting was inevitable, and, to save his bacon, she allowed her flighty husband to divorce her. Only those who know the inner history of that story know who was to blame in *that* matter. Free once more, Freddy, now a Colonel and a responsible individual at last, married the late Duke of Wellington's widow, and settled down to a career of unimpeachable respectability. The Wellington match was a family affair.

* * *

Colonel Wellesley and "Evelyn Duchess."

Evelyn Duchess of Wellington is the widow of that third Duke who was well known as "Spurgeon," in consequence of his resemblance to the famous preacher. Evelyn Duchess' reign at Apsley House had only lasted eight years when her husband died and she went into retirement at Winchfield. Her father was that popular Colonel Peers Williams, whose other daughters are the Countess Cowley, Countess of Aylesford and the Dowager Lady Bulkeley. Now, the Cowleys and Wellingtons are all Wellesleys of the same stock, descending respectively from the fifth of the sons of the first Earl of Mornington, two of whom became Duke of Wellington and Marquis Wellesley. One of the late Colonel Williams's daughters married the late Earl Cowley, and she is the mother of the present Earl. Consequently when Evelyn Duchess of Wellington became a widow, and her relation by marriage, Colonel Freddy Wellesley, Lord Cowley's uncle, found themselves fettered by unequal matrimonial yokes no longer, they decided to get wed, and very happily they have lived together ever since. Evelyn Duchess is still graceful, small and slender, and as her brother is Mr. Hwfa Williams, Freddy Wellesley is well in with the smart racing set, while Evelyn Duchess goes in for dogs and music, and some of her canine pets have attained quite ducal distinction at the shows.



THE TANGO IN SOCIETY.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

The Editor will be pleased to receive from readers in any part of the country information regarding local affairs and matters of topical interest, suitable to deal with under this heading.

With newspaper cuttings the title heading of the paper must be sent, and where written matter is forwarded it must be accompanied by proof that it is authentic.

"Facing Death for a Week."

Of all the sickening, sloppy, sentimentality that has ever been served up hot to the public with trimmings of garish headlines we think the palm must be given to the drivelling wishwash which has been melting the Atlantic cables during the past few days concerning the Georgian banker who took a tablet of bichloride of mercury in mistake for aspirin and paid the penalty of his carelessness a week later. "Amazing Courage of a Doomed Man," "Half a Continent Watching by His Bedside," "Waved a Last Farewell to the Cheering Crowd in the Street," "Smiled to the Awestruck Newspaper Men in the Street Below" (delightful touch!), and yards more of maudlin twaddle. Faugh! It leaves a nasty taste in the mouth. What on earth did the American (and British) yellow Press expect the man to do? Lie on his back and howl for a whole week?

* * *

A Shameless Invention.

But when it is discovered that all this fustian is the mere invention of an imaginative Press eager to pander to the hysterical sentimentality of the mob one begins to wonder what the human race is coming to that it will swallow with avidity treacley "romances" of this species. We had another sample in the descriptions of the "heroic golfer," John Ball, who very sportingly and also very foolishly played a tie in the golf championship in spite of a damaged wrist and ankle. Heroism, forsooth! We feel quite sure that Mr. Ball was not looking for such asinine laudation when he bade defiance to his doctor's orders. Tinsel honours of this kind cannot be very comforting to a good sportsman, such as he has shown himself.

* * *

Mock Heroes.

The worst of it is that when the newspapers set up mock heroes for us all to worship we are apt to lose grip on reality and to imagine a man is a god when he has done nothing more nor less than his plain duty. Yet many a working-man, to earn bread for his family, does a laborious week's work in spite of far more painful injuries than Mr. Ball was suffering—and not a solitary word gets into the papers. Many a man receives his death sentence from the doctor who diagnoses an incurable disease. Yet he does not go whimpering and snuffling and seeking sympathy from all his friends and acquaintances. He sets his teeth, and bears himself like a man. That is, if he is a man. It seems to us that the present day is acquiring an altogether exaggerated idea of the value and importance of human life. Else we should not have a Home Secretary making a painful exhibition of himself and provoking the laughter of the whole world because he is afraid to let a frenzied woman commit suicide by deliberately starving herself. The heavens would not fall even if Mrs. Pankhurst, or one or more of her myrmidons, did starve herself. So why not let her become a pinchbeck "martyr" if she wants?

* * *

A Check for Paul Prys.

We understand that in view of the never-ceasing stream of books of recollections, reminiscences and revelations—more or less authentic—it is becoming the custom among Crowned Heads and members of the higher peerage to demand from their valets, lady's maids and other body-servants a solemn legal agreement to the effect that that particular employer shall not be mentioned in any book which the servant may contemplate publishing.

* * *

Barristers and Their Briefs.

To the vagaries of the cumbersome legal system of this country there is no end, and the abuses that cry out for rectification are almost innumerable. As a rule judges and lawyers are one happy family whose main object in life seems to be to bleed the public white if they are foolish enough to get within the coils of the law, for it is an axiom that the law is made for lawyers and not for the wretched public who seek justice with as little delay as possible. There are, however, honourable exceptions, and amongst these must be

TRAVESTIED PLAY TITLE: "WITHIN THE L

named Mr. Justice Bankes, who complained the other ... the practice common with successful barristers of ... several briefs and trying to run several cases in ... different courts simultaneously. Of course, all their ... suffer thereby, but that is a mere detail. In other w... life this sort of thing would be considered sheer dis... and though the public are largely responsible owing ... sheep-like habit of running after a popular barrister, ... no excuse for a limb of the law accepting a brief if he ... full well he cannot give time and attention to the case.

* * *

"Thaw" and Frost.

It is worth noting that *Modern Life* is the only ... journal published in London that has refrained from ... ing off the extremely obvious jape about the three ... appearance of Mrs. Evelyn Thaw at the Hippodrome.

* * *

A Genuine Insurance Grievance.

There is trouble between certain approved societies ... the Insurance Act and panel doctors, owing to the refu... the latter to state the nature of the patient's illness ... giving a medical certificate, and this seems to us ... where the rights of the public should be very jea... watched. The demand of the societies that such pare... should be supplied is, of course, aimed against ... malingerers, but the evil of paying out a few pounds to ... viduals who ought not to receive benefit is a mere trifle ... comparison with the breach of professional confidence ... such practice would entail. The societies are evidently ... getful of the fact that they are only agents of the ... which contracts with insured persons to provide ... benefits subject to certain eventualities, and that the ... they cannot legally withhold payment. At any rate, ... can legally so refuse, the Act must be amended forthw... every insured person without exception will ... object to having the nature of his ailment disclosed ... local officials with whom he is in immediate contact.

* * *

An Astute Candidate.

We have been much amused with the manner in ... the daily papers have reported the remarks ... advertising and the Suffragettes made by the ... Liberal candidate for West Herts, at Watford, ... evening. As a general rule a Liberal candidate ... himself black in the face without any one of the ... circulations" taking the faintest notice of him.

IF YOU WANT A FREE SAFETY SHAVING OUTFIT, READ PAGE 117.

Hedley Le Bas evidently knows a thing or two about "playing up" to the papers, and he accordingly pointed out to the militants that they would achieve far greater success by spending their money in newspaper advertising than in hiring expensive halls to talk to people who are already converted to "the cause." This naturally appealed to the newspaper world, and Mr. Le Bas received a very fine advertisement, free, gratis and for nothing, in return for his endeavour to push business.

* * *

What Did He Really Say?

The humour of the thing, however, lies more in the way he was reported rather than the fact that he was reported at all, and the varying versions of one particular passage afford an edifying light upon the inner workings of the journalistic mind. The *Daily News* version, which is probably correct, is as follows: "Just imagine the audience you would get for an advertisement in the daily papers containing arguments in favour of woman's suffrage. Take your local papers that circulate in the homes of the people—take the Sunday papers with a circulation of some seven or eight millions per week. Just imagine the effect of a series of advertisements in all these papers, that would bring your arguments day by day before the notice of the working men and women of this country."

We wonder if any extremely intelligent individual could guess what paper construed the passage thus: "Just imagine the audience you would get for an advertisement containing arguments in favour of woman suffrage in papers like the *Daily Express*, *Daily Mail*, *Daily News*, *Daily Chronicle*, and *Daily Mirror*."

Or thus: "Imagine the audience you would get for an advertisement in a paper like the *Daily Mail*." We might give more examples, but these are enough to afford a glimpse of the art of selecting news.

* * *

Love-Making at Dances.

There is a cheery, breezy optimism about Father Bernard Vaughan which appeals to us, for we always believe that it is the right thing to make the best of this curious world of ours and not set up an impossible standard of goodness which will inevitably come unglued at the edges. Father Vaughan said lots of nice things about dancing at a recent meeting of the Catholic Women's League. He regards the ball-room as an ideal place for young people to become acquainted and to make love. "It offers a fine opportunity for those love proposals which make for happy marriages." Perhaps so, but we fancy it is in those quiet, cosy little nooks as far away as possible from the ball-room, which the clever hostess provides in abundance, that these interesting little events are usually brought off. Furthermore, he believes that it is the mission of society to bring desirable couples together. If that be true the introducers of the Boston and the Bunny-Hug and the Tango are entitled to a word of praise, for we know of few ways in which people can be brought so very closely together.

* *

A Sensible Archdeacon.

In the words of a weekly contemporary we take off our hats to Archdeacon Sinclair for his sensible remark, at the annual meeting of the True Temperance Association (evidently T.T. but not T.T.), that "the majority of mankind has too much common-sense to believe in the poisonous character of a good glass of beer, or the damnable seduction of a delicate wine." Fancy trying to quench a thirst such as we have been suffering from this week with a milk-and-soda! Sheer waste!

* *

A Lady Chauffeur.

A Worthing woman chauffeur has leapt into the public ken by being fined at Steyning for exceeding the speed limit. All that now remains for her before she is admitted to the ranks of the elect is to kill her man, with that delightful assouciance which is common to the fraternity. Till then she cannot be considered properly "blooded."

* *

Judges and Holidays.

If all the people who come under the Insurance Act had as high an average of sickness as His Majesty's judges the whole scheme would be hopelessly insolvent inside a year. But then the Judges draw their full pay whether they are off sick or not. That makes a very big difference. Also they are paid for extremely long vacations and are getting more and more in the habit of week-ending, so that it is little wonder the work of the courts gets into arrears. If their lordships "got their heads down" and were not so ready to take a day off if they have a pain in their "little Marys" we should hear less of the necessity for the appointment of additional judges. Another contributing cause to the endless delays is, of course, allowing the Judges to remain Judges after they have reached second childhood, and thus require more than the normal quantity of sleep. In this connection we wish to express our pleasure that the newly-appointed Judge is a young man still in the prime of intellectual vigour.

* * *

The Tea-Room "Duchess."

The tea-shops run by the enterprising Lyons firm have scored a fine free advertisement by giving some 3,000 girls a "rise" of 1s. per week. As the previous wage was 7s. 6d., plus a bonus on sales, it may easily be understood that the motor-car firms have had a rush of business so great that they can scarcely cope with it. We don't wish to be hard on Messrs. Lyons, who are doubtless as generous as other competing caterers, but really we do not see that the increase is anything to make a shout about. When they pay their employees a living wage we shall be pleased to add our hoarse baritone to the chorus of eulogy.

* * *

Not the "Comp." This Time.

A Cambridge correspondent, who describes himself as "one of the eternal scapegoats," amusingly asks us a question regarding our weekly Mistakes Competition: "Say, Guv'nor, it isn't the unfortunate proof-reader who has to pay the five bob, is it?" In parliamentary parlance the answer is in the negative. We are not out to penalise the temporary aberrations of a proof-reader or comp., nor is it a case of the devil to pay. So our Cambridge friend need not be afraid to point out our little mistakes.

"Yes, my love, it was at this identical stile twenty-one years ago your father proposed to me."

Fair Daughter (carried away with interest); "And did you marry him, Mamma?"

FINANCIERS BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHT

THE SCANDAL OF THE ACTRESS AND THE "ANGEL."

One of the secret phases of theatrical life seldom revealed to the playgoing public is that connected with the financing of new pieces and the "backing" of actresses, either for guaranteeing them a star part or for running a "show." Those who "know the ropes" are always amused by the eagerness displayed by mature but wealthy men—noblemen, financiers, and provincial magnates—to find the money for new theatres and theatrical syndicates, especially in London. Usually, they will snap up such chances when gilt-edged propositions leave them quite cold. Many of these capitalists are brainy fellows, who know the exact value of money, and have the choice of numerous tempting investments and speculations. Yet they invariably prefer the theatrical variety, although fully aware that such ventures offer nothing very tangible in the shape of dividends, and that the capital invested is never safe. This eagerness results, to a certain extent, from the gambling possibilities of theatrical business, but mainly because the man who finds the money usually finds—the girls!

The "Angel's" Fascinating Gamble.

It is, of course, a glorious gamble—but how fascinating! When a man puts £5,000 into a theatrical venture he may lose every penny within a week or he may strike a "Merry Widow," destined to make its sponsors £200,000 or £300,000. Such a speculation may not only yield such glamorous dividends, but certain tempting privileges inside the theatre. Among the most prized of the latter may be ranked the certainty that the "angel" immediately becomes a petted guest behind the scenes, where he basks in a deliciously bohemian atmosphere, which contrasts strangely with that of his smug suburban villa or the Stock Exchange. He becomes "chummy" with the star artistes. They indulgently let him lend them money, and will even borrow his motor-car to go on a little trip to spend the said money. He can introduce his special friends, who regard a peep behind the scenes as "rare and refreshing fruit." In the City he enjoys a flattering *kudos* by carelessly disclosing the fact that he is "in a syndicate." In the West End those behind the scenes do not always regard him with quite the same awesome respect. In fact, he is sometimes called an "angel"; sometimes a "hamfat," but more often "the mug." But he never knows it! There is no more wily, plausible, unscrupulous merchant than the theatrical speculator, who wheedles men into "putting up the rocks" by a thousand clever "wheezes" which somehow seem to influence hard-headed financiers when they would not at all impress those who are familiar with the fakirs of the theatrical world. Usually, his strongest argument is the alluring opportunities for the "backer" to penetrate the mysteries of the theatre, and to make the personal acquaintance of the most fascinating artistes—whose charms he has hitherto admired only from the front. The provincial manufacturer who is eager to "see life," considers a few thousands thus spent a splendid investment.

Why the Woman Pays.

Behind the glamour of the footlights lie the sordid, repulsive financial and personal features about which managers and other interested parties seldom say much. After all, perhaps it is best that the good-natured playgoing public should not be allowed to know too much—that the theatrical speculator depends upon his leading lady to charm his "backers" even during the most perishing "frost." And she usually does it; not because she enjoys it, but because there is no escape from this hideous system. Sometimes the bitter cry of some outraged actress resounds throughout the land. But how many of such cries are *suppressed* by force or by fear? Not long ago a beautiful woman, driven from the stage because she would not do "the extra turn," publicly lamented the fact that no actress could achieve success except by sacrificing "all that a good woman holds dear," confirming poor Clement Scott's dictum "that no woman could succeed on the stage without sacrificing her honour." We all know that Scott was perfectly right, although he was made to suffer cruelly for his frank declaration. What an amusing situation would be created if the Censor started taking cognisance of the moral qualities of the actresses, just as he does of the funny little pieces in which they play—ruthlessly condemning those who fail to satisfy his conventional standard of conduct. A fascinating French actress, who far from being a failure, has achieved a brilliant success in Paris, London, and New York, recently denounced in scathing terms the immorality of our stage. She asserted that "young girls should shun the stage as they would bubonic plague—for those that succeed can only do so at the cost of their innocence and reputation." She considers that one of the most cankerous growths of the theatre is the wealthy "hamfat," who subscribes his money uniquely for the privilege of prowling around behind the scenes in search of the finest girls, who dare not repulse his cynical advances, lest the Manager should "put him out."

Singeing an "Angel's" Wings.

"Angels" spring up from the most extraordinary quarters, promoters being conspicuously fond of this form of sport. "Charley's Aunt" was financed by Mr. Hare, a well-known City man. Two millionaire gold mining [illegible] not only posed as "angels," but ultimately married the girls in whom they were specially interested. One notorious promoter, who is now "doing time," financed "The Nest." Another very popular promoter ran a season at the Lyceum with a distinguished actor—not Irving—as his leading man, and Miss X. as his leading lady. Many a wealthy woman has played part of "hamfat" for some dashing hero of romance who had fascinated her. The fascination of the stage for everybody. Very frequently a young noodle who has [illegible] into £20,000 or £30,000, thinking he can beat George [illegible] at his own game, falls a prey to some tricky speculative [illegible] who has "just the show for him"—a ripping musical [illegible] with plenty of stunning girls. Then the comedy comes *minus* the music. The young "angel," flourishing his cheque book, lands out his money freely—a lump sum "on book"; a good salary for the manager; substantial amounts the scenic artists and the costumiers; a big cheque for the [illegible]. Of course, the company is not forgotten. The leading cultivates the "angel" with seductive assiduity. But the preliminary expenses spoil the look of three figures, "golden jimmies," as the silly boy calls them. Far, far the piece is a perishing "frost," and the "angel" begins upon to provide further cheques until even *he* begins to How often we see in the Bankruptcy Reports: attributes his failure to unfortunate theatrical speculation. For obvious reasons, clever *comédiennes* exercise on "angels" weird fascination. Lying before me now is a list of intriguing ladies who have in recent times engaged in "management" ful and sometimes disastrous experiments in "managing" the dream of every vain artist's life. It would be easy to mention several cases in which playing the "angel" for cunning actresses has led infatuated idiots to crimes which have compelled them to "do time." How many homes holds have been wrecked by "hamfats" who have squandered on some vague "actress" the money that should have been devoted to home, wife, and family.

Angels" v. "Stars."

In London and the provinces there are, of course, many dignified, responsible managers who can always find the capital they need for the exploitation of their enterprises without sacrificing their independence to gratify the lustful whim of an "angel." On the other hand, we all know the manager who himself ran a theatre in order to satisfy his yearnings for fame among the girls." And there is also that large army of impecunious, unscrupulous adventurers who are content, like Vespasianus, that money has no odour. They encourage and even hunt for the "angel," who usually displays a large purse for musical comedy or panto. In exchange for his cash the manager gives him the run of his theatre. On the stage [illegible] the task of keeping the financier in good humour. The [illegible] swagger woman, now at the head of her profession, would, sincere, admit that in her young and struggling days she was forced to employ remarkable diplomacy with not one, but a number of "angels," in order to save the financial situation. Even even to-day, unless certain leading ladies displayed consummate diplomacy and even self-sacrificing complacency, they would lose their popularity in managerial circles falling below [illegible]. "It is not a Sunday School," exclaimed a cynical, jovial manager when his star "jibbed" at the sixth "angel" he had to put in." Sometimes you may note the disappearance of a certain artist from the cast. She has been "too fussy," and the success of a theatrical syndicate of say four [illegible] depends absolutely upon the diplomacy of the leading lady, who has to manœuvre so that each one may fondly imagine that she is "the only pebble on the beach." And, under all circumstances, how cleverly she plays her part. Everybody [illegible] no complaints. She is immense! Who can help admiring the tact of that musical comedy queen who has [illegible] a swagger motor-car from several of her admirers—the same car, say the wicked gossips. For, by a clever arrangement with the makers, she invariably lands back the car which they make her a generous allowance.

The Test of Talent.

Does she draw wealthy baldheads and silly "[illegible]" she a "friend"? Such are the basic questions [illegible]

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the cynical speculative manager, who wants to fill his boxes stalls. Seldom "Has she talent?" One of our most genial sical comedy merchants has formulated the axiom: "Popu- ty equals talent." Well, he may be right. He knows that ulgent playgoers are accustomed to measure a beautiful nan's dramatic talent by the scandals she can create; the riety she can conquer, by a swagger marriage with some le-minded debris of the aristocracy; or the success with which exhibits her attractions in a picturesque, spicy "show." give the average speculative manager his due, he seldom ms to be more than a dealer in fluffy femininity; clever wns; dainty dresses; and luxurious *lingerie*. These merchants w how their minor artistes and chorus girls contrive to ke a brilliant show on the stage and off on 30s. a week; at concessions they have to make. Of course, they would keep a girl a week unless she could "fill the bill."

ow Managers Make Money.

And by such enterprise these managers make money; dine at gger restaurants; drive the smartest motors; run their own ses; and sometimes a dainty little "home from home" at ghton. "Great business." Clever chaps—they do not worry ut Art or the Higher Morality, but ask themselves: "What's matter with a show which enables us to do all this?" You imagine this type of manager keeping a private ledger, in ich he enters the exact cash value of Miss A.'s mechanical, ital smile, Miss B.'s gorgeous figure, Miss C.'s languorous wl, Miss D.'s suggestive leer and wink, and Miss E.'s daring *gerie*. Out of all this he makes his fat profits. For this is golden age for the exploitation of woman—her face and ecially her figure. We all know certain brilliant Revue stages ich suggests the Empire promenade! To a woman who fulfils desired conditions Musical Comedy offers fame—of a sort— opportunity of making big money on *and off* the stage; the ilation of the plebs; and sometimes a more or less tarnished onet for the loss of her honour and dignity. And such is glamour of the stage that thousands of young girls are eager brave the moral risks and material miseries connected with garish life, in the hope of enjoying what is, after all, only emporarily splendid notoriety. Poor deluded creatures!

At eleven o'clock her father put his head within the door. -orne, young man, light out!" he said.
The words were pleasant enough, but the young man ew that they must be obeyed.
So he reached up and turned out the light.

MISTAKES COMPETITION.

We rather pride ourselves upon the carefulness of our proof-reading and on the immunity of our columns from typographical blemishes. Nobody, however, is infallible, and accidents will happen even in the best regulated of journals. As a punishment for our sins we shall give 5s. each week to the reader who first points out a "literal" typographical error in our literary columns, i.e., barring advertisements and competitions. All you have to do is to write down the number of the page, column and line in which the "literal" occurs (e.g., p. 31, col. 2, line 63), and sign your name and address and mark your postcard "Literal." To give distant readers a fair chance all post-cards will be put aside until Wednesday noon, and the first one handled by the Editor will receive the 5s. Commas, full stops, etc., are debarred, as punctuation is largely a matter of individual taste. Current issue only, of course. If the paper contains no "literals" 10s. will be sent to the first reader (as above) acquainting us with that fact.

Last week's prize is awarded to:—

MR. T. GRANT,

13, Thirlestone Terrace, DUBLIN.

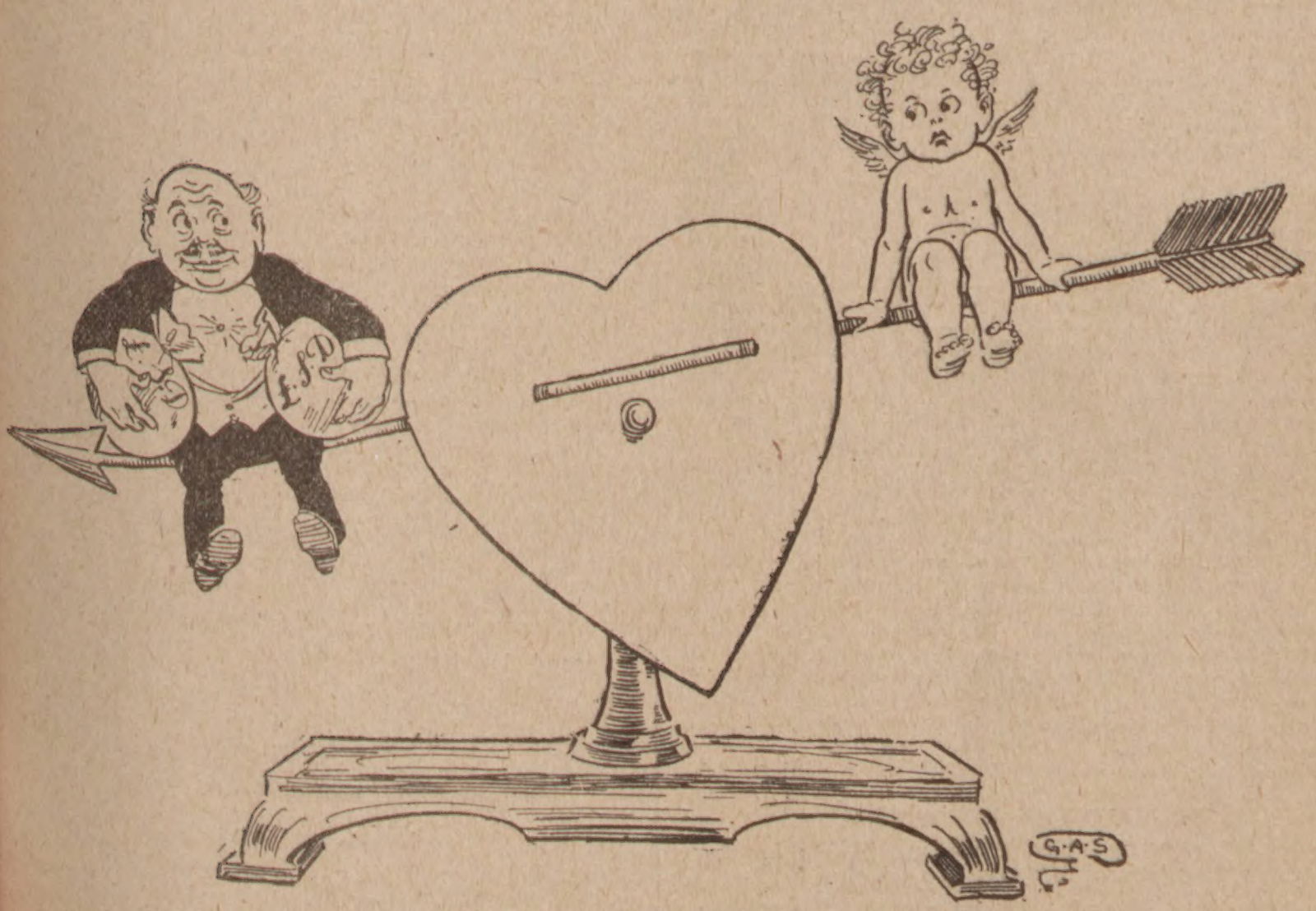
UNCONSCIOUS HUMOUR COMPETITION.

We offer a weekly prize of 5s. for the best example of unconscious humour culled from the contemporary Press. Underline the words which strike you as being funny (either by reason of evident ignorance of the subject, omission or transposition of words, the vagaries of a compositor or other blunder) upon the actual cutting—to which must be attached sufficient of the journal concerned to permit of identification—and post it to us, with your name and address, in an envelope marked "Unconscious Humour," to arrive not later than first post Wednesday. Short, topical specimens will stand the best chance.

Last week's prize is awarded to

MR. D. MORRIS,

23, Penywain Road, CARDIFF.



THE SCALES OF LOVE.

OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

THE MODERN GIRL.

"My dear, what a great deal of unpleasant knowledge you seem to have."

"Yes, auntie, but you know I've done a lot of work in Eugenics."

* * *

SO LIKE A WOMAN—AND A MAN.

Husband: My love, we must get rid of that cook. Did you ever see a worse-looking chop than the one I've just put on my plate?

Wife: Yes, dear; the one you've just put on mine!

* * *

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES.

"You must not eat any more to-night, Willie," said his mother. "Don't you know you can't sleep on a full stomach?"

"That's all right, mamma," replied the youngster. "I can sleep on my back."

* * *

CORNERED.

Crawford: Congratulations, old man! I'm going to be married again.

Crabshaw: Why, I thought you once told me that you always profited by your mistakes.

* * *

THE QUESTION NOW.

It isn't a question any longer as to what will become of the child if the mother gets the vote; the query now is, "What will become of it if she doesn't?"

* * *

"I got the better of my wife yesterday."

"How did you manage it?"

"Why, I admitted I was wrong before she had a chance to argue with me."

TO HIDE THE DEFORMITY.

Bill the Fencer: "By cripes, I wouldn't like to hev ter wear a long 'at like that cove *this* weather."

Mrs. Bush Pub: "But he's *got* ter wear it. I heard him telling dad that him an' all his family had crests."

—Sydney Bulletin.

THE UNHAPPY MEDIUM.

"Do you think diamonds are vulgar, Jack?"
"Yes—if you wear more than one and less than a peck!—P

She: I hear you're married.

He: So do I—every time I have a night out with the

* * *

Mr. Staylate: Is that someone moving?

Miss Tiredout (yawning): Probably father going for

morning bath.

* * *

DOING A MAN'S PART.

"What are you doing for our cause?" asked a Suffrage worker.

"Doing?" replied the man. "I'm supporting one of most enthusiastic members."—*Detroit Free Press.*

* * *

VERY WELL DEFINED.

"I love to hear Maud, when she's in full song; her arti lation is so distinct."

"So do I; but I hate to see her in full dress, for the s reason."—*Judge.*

* * *

WHY SHE GUESSED SO.

Meg (five years old) was overjoyed over the recent a tion to the family and rushed out of the house to tell news to a passing neighbour.

"Oh, you don't know what we've got in our house to-d

"What is it?"

"It's a new baby brother!"

"You don't say so! Is he going to stay?"

"I guess so," very thoughtfully. "He's got his th off."—*Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.*

* * *

THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH.

Second Avenue Sadie: How d'you like my bathin' Red?

Roughneck Red: Can't see it, Sadie.

S.A.S.: You like it, donchu, Jim?

Gentleman Jim (gallantly): You bet! It's a peach! ain't nothin' to it!—*Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.*

* * *

NOT A LINGUIST.

Mrs. Worldly: If, as you say, your master kissed against your will, why did you not cry "Help!"?

French Maid: Ah, madame! Zat ees just ze vord of I could not sink at ze moment.—*Puck.*

IF YOU WANT A BICYCLE FOR NOTHING, JOIN THE LEAGUE.

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

AND THINGS WE HAVE HEARD.

Why has the aged peer refused at the last moment to pay the little damozel's Henley houseboat rent?

* * *

Is it true that the relationship between the Borough Alderman and the Margate merry widow is exciting a lot of talk at Margate? Did they recently go for a midnight "joyride" to Canterbury? And what does Mrs. Alderman think of it all?

* * *

Who is the London County Councillor who last Thursday was discovered about 1 g.m. running round outside the railings in Russell Square and piteously shouting: "Lemme out, lemme out!"?

* *

What has become of the Society lady's piebald baby?

* *

That a certain distinguished bachelor novelist will shortly figure as "co." in a divorce suit. And that the respondent is the wife of a Dorsetshire parson.

* *

Is the paper-manufacturer's lady secretary really worth the £500 a year he pays her? And is it absolutely necessary that she should accompany him when he goes into the country on business?

* *

That the mansion being erected by the handsome peer for the occupation of the barmaid inclines towards the South and that the cost of erection is well over £10,000.

* *

That his lordship's taste this time is about the limit; and that the servants about to be engaged are looking "knowing"—two of them having previously been in the service of her "not altogether removed" ladyship.

* *

That it is marvellous how these little matters do seem to filter through to the Dower House in spite of colossal precautions.

* *

What have the forty or fifty writers in the Scriveners' Department at the Law Courts done that they should lose a day's pay as a result of an enforced holiday on the King's birthday? Would the British Empire go into insolvency if these hard-worked public servants were, in fact, paid for that day? And does His Majesty know anything about it?

* * *

That the Somerset county magnate's daughter is sorry now that she wrote such compromising letters to the good-looking cricket professional. And that the price paid for their restoration ran into three figures, the first of which was over five.

* * *

Whether the colonel in the haughty "Smarts" quite expected such a retort the other night? Whether the girl with the "Irish eye" wasn't smarter than he after all, and less haughty? Whether it isn't more than anyone's life is worth now to say "Come over here!"?

MIMI.

If the young Society cub who is writing to himself and showing to his pals questionable letters signed with the names of well-known society and musical comedy girls isn't likely to get more than he's asking for, and whether it may not be "Brief life was here his portion" in one case.

* * *

That the terrible habit indulged in by a very prominent young Society lady of performing a certain portion of her toilet in public is much to be deplored. If she could have heard the reply of the small street boy when pointing her out to an enquirer—"There! That's her, sir; that one cleanin' of 'erself"—what would she have thought?

* *

When in an address to the Free Church Convention, the Rev. P. B. Meyer said, "I have no greater object in life than to break down the cursed denominational wall," was his language not as free as the Church Convention he was addressing?

* *

Has Mr. A. P. de Courville, the fortunate bridegroom-elect of Miss Shirley Kellogg, and part-author of the revue in which she is appearing, introduced his future wife to any of his erstwhile colleagues on the reporting staff of the *Evening News*? And if so, are there any little racy episodes in the past, regarding which he would prefer them to preserve a discreet silence?

* *

What is Mr. Andrew Walsh thinking of himself now for having written to a lady—not his wife—"How glad I shall be to see oo tomorrow. . . I'se finking of oo quite a lot. . . . . Your boykins, always, Andrew." And does this delicious composition reflect on his shrewdness as a solicitor?

* *

Is it to the credit of the police that they called seven or eight times on William Marshall Grose before they could persuade him to make a statement regarding Arthur Newton, the well-known solicitor? And was not Sir H. Curtis Bennett quite right to dismiss the charge resulting from the statement in question?

* *

Were the polo ponies recently offered for sale by an American to a member of the British peerage so very valuable as to warrant the extraordinarily high price demanded? And was not his lordship very wise in calling the deal off, when the would-be vendor showed such obvious signs of agitation on the suggestion that the ponies might be taken out of England?

* * *

Who was the amateur county cricketer who received a mysterious letter saying that the writer would pay into the recipient's banking account £5 for every run made by him in his next match? Who was the writer? Why did he make the offer? And has the cricketer reported the matter to the M.C.C.?

IF YOU WANT A FREE SAFETY SHAVING OUTFIT, READ PAGE 117.

THINGS THE LADIES WOULD LIKE TO KNOW,

OR WHAT RUMOUR SAYS.

That the beautiful peeress who is so "immensely interested" in reclaiming wayward girlhood may still be told the remark of the flower-seller—"Let her clap her hand on her mouth and keep her eyes on her own daughter."

* * *

Whether Sir Hill Child was not rather angry at the chaff he had to swallow when he appeared as a "best man" at the Guards Chapel last week? And whether the smart baronet liked being asked why he had not made it up with Lady Helen? And whether it was not Lady Helen Grosvenor who refused to go on with the match? And whether Sir Hill and Lady Helen are still as much in love as ever?

* * *

Why so many people will insist that Miss Gabrielle Ray is Miss Marie Studholme's daughter? And if the difference in their ages is only about ten years?

* * *

Why a certain Viscountess is known as "the Sultana"? And if it is because her amorous behaviour frequently takes the cake?

* * *

Why Gerald and Gabrielle can't kiss and be friends?

* * *

How the American chorus-girl manages to live at the Savoy Hotel?

* *

Whether it is true that Mrs. Pankhurst once kept a sort of "Liberty Art" shop in Manchester, and made a failure of it.

* *

And whether it is true that when Dr. Pankhurst died leaving the family badly off various vile male things raised a fund for the education of Christabel and Sylvia?

* *

If these young ladies have ever evinced the slightest gratitude towards their masculine benefactors?

* *

Whether there is any truth in the rumour that the Prince of Wales is likely to marry his second cousin, Princess Elizabeth of Roumania; and whether, in view of his definite aversion to "dowdyism," fostered no doubt by recent glimpses into life on both sides of the Channel, such a union as this should not prove a particularly desirable one?

* * *

Why the recent disappearance of a well-known society leader coincided so exactly with the equally unexpected exodus of a prominent cavalry officer, and whether anything is to be deduced from the fact that the friends of both have received correspondence from Monte Carlo?

* * *

Whether it is not a fact that Sir Oswald Moseley's sudden resolve to quite Rolleston Hall for ever is because he is fed up with his twenty-year-old quarrels with the vicar? Whether Sir Oswald has not been amazed at the way the "Standard Bread Craze" gave out, notwithstanding the leg up the *Daily Mail* gave it? Whether Sir Oswald has not made "a mint of money" over the craze? And whether his son, Mr. Oswald, is going to shake hands with the vicar—who is really a fine fellow—and let bygones be bygones?

* * *

Whether the decline of gambling in the West End is due to the fact that the majority of available pigeons have now been plucked?

THE GOSSIPS.

What young Grand Duke Dmitri thought of *Truth*'s announcement that he was to represent the Tsar at the Berlin wedding, while he was actually in London preparing for the Horse Show?

* * *

Whether *Modern Life's* story of the wonderful reconciliation all round at Warwick Castle has not extended to Her Ladyship's place in Essex, where Lord Warwick used to be such a stranger, and whether his Lordship is not recuperating at Eastorn, with his daughter (Lady Helmsley) and Lord Helmsley in the party? And will the beautiful Countess ever go back into "the swim" again?

* * *

What was the name of the Harley Street hostess who had the misfortune to be cinematographed in the "Jardin des Tuilleries" at a time when she was supposed to be staying with her sister in the country?

Who was her companion? And how did she succeed in explaining matters to her husband?

* * *

Whether it is a fact that but for the hat she was wearing she might easily have escaped identification, and whether as a safeguard for the future, she has decided to affect a striking fashion in headgear?

* * *

Why the pretty chambermaid at the Hotel Ritz objected to taking up the Yorkshire M.P.'s early morning tea?

* * *

Whether the "Bloater" marquess thinks he has got a ... roe to hoe in marrying the rich widow? And if it was ... lady's personal or financial charm that warmed the (M... cockles of his somewhat battered heart?

*

Why Lord Methuen has taken upon himself the task of ... soring the cigarette habit among women, and whether ... weeds are the only ... of weeds to which ... thinks they have a ... rightful claim?

*

Whether a prominent member of the House of Lords will not come to the conclusion that ... away one's friends is a view to conciliating one's enemies is ... offering a bite out of a bun to a hungry elephant?

*

Whether the butterfly in Piccadilly feels as nervous as the first man there in a straw hat?

*

Whether it is ... that we are shortly to hear of the marriage of ... yet another little charmer of the footlights to a particular youthful Peer of the Realm?

* * *

Whether a mouse played an important part in the ... duction? And whether it is not an ill nip that brings ... any good?

* * *

Whether Miss Florence Moore, the variety artist, ... appreciated the striking testimony of Miss Victoria ... admiration?

* * *

Whether the American "Peeress" who professes to be so perplexed with the task of introducing her daughter to London society and the "scandalous travesties" of present-day dancing, isn't talking through her petticoat?

* *

What hostesses this side of the water think of her suggestion that all invitation cards should indicate whether the Turkey Trot, the Boston and the Tango will figure on the dance programmes?

* * *

And whether it is not, after all, entirely their own affair if young people of the opposite sexes choose to "bunny-hug" in a temperature of eighty degrees?

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whether the above dances continue to prove so ... to the masculine element, there is any ... popularity abating?

* * *

... the fifty French artists who, we are told, have ... themselves into a society for the beautification of ... will really influence prevailing style to any ... extent; also, to what particular period and clim... will look for inspiration?

* * *

... getting a seat in a crowded tramcar is not the ... testimony to beauty?

* * *

... it the fashion nowadays to word wedding announce... the following style: "The marriage between Dr. ... airlie and Miss Lizzie Whittaker, daughter of Sir ... Whittaker, M.P., and Lady Whittaker, will take ... Saturday, May 34, at Regent Square Presbyterian ... Surely it might be taken for granted that the ... of the father is also the daughter of the mother,

* * *

... was solely on account of the sudden illness of ... that Mlle. Martha Sarbel, the charming Parisian ... appearing in the new Middlesex revue, "J'adore Ca," ... suddenly from London?

* * *

When we may look forward to the pleasure of seeing her ... amongst us once more?—and not *only* her back!

* * *

... the name of the actress who, when staying at ... hotel in the provinces, borrowed a pair of her ... boots and placed them outside her door alongside

* * *

... the ruse had the desired effect of choking off a ... obnoxious suitor?

* * *

And what the young lady said to a fellow guest when the ... later attempted to hand her a little fatherly advice?

* * *

... "bores and the boards" may be said to ... the Royal General Theatrical Fund's annual ... included among its guests two bishops and a

* * *

... the popularity of theatres may be said to be on ... since they are now fought for as well as sought

* * *

Why Mr. Fisher, in his one-act play, "The Great Day," ... to make us believe that insurance office clerks still ... quill pens?

* * *

... the ... of whistling which Mlle. Blanche ... the Parisian "Nightingale," professes to ... the ... of feeling one gets when whistling a ... after a particularly lubricatious evening?

* * *

... whether, in view of the fact that a number of men taking ... the new "East Lynne" film refrained from having ... a last cut for nine weeks in order to obtain the correct ... "gate knocker" suited to the period, we are justified ... ing that the age of heroes is past?

* * *

... Miss Marie Corelli has suddenly awakened to the ... little judicious advertisement would not be at all ... by way of increasing the sale of her books?

Prominent Clubmen.

First Actor: "So you're not appearing anywhere now?" Second ditto, who is suffering from cold: "Oh yes, my boy! I come on in the Insurance Act."

Whether she was flattered by his Lordship's admission to having spent several hours between the fascinating pages of "Temporal Power"?

* * *

Whether the new paper, entitled the "Adelaide Blizzard," will sweep all before it?

* * *

How the gentleman who had a chrysanthemum pot thrown at him at a flower-show likes taking "pot luck"?

* * *

Whether "to bee or not to bee" is the motto of the Somerset honey farmers whose hives have become infected with the Isle of Wight bee disease?

* * *

How the men enjoy the novel task of fertilising fruit blossom by transferring pollen on cotton-wool from one flower to another?

* * *

And whether sneezing during the operation is permitted?

* * *

Whether the magistrate who recommended a young wife to "make things more comfortable at home so that her husband would not want to go out and see other young woman," would advise her, among other things, to invite the "other young woman" for occasional cosy week-ends?

* * *

Whether *le dernier cri* in tea-gowns, described as being "looped up at one side with a silk *motif*," might not easily be suspected of others?

* * *

Whether the valuable Gobelins tapestries, representing a woodland scene, and worth several hundreds of pounds, which were appropriated by the wife of a museum caretaker for the purpose of lining her lord and master's trousers, have been rescued from so ignominious a fate and restored once more to the dignity of historic tradition?

* * *

Whether the incident of the parcel of bananas discovered at the Guildhall and consigned to a bucket of water under the impression that it contained another "bomb" isn't showing up the "Suffragette scare" in a rather ridiculous light!

A HALF-CROWN P.O. FOR EVERY LEAGUE MEMBER. SEE PAGE 117.

TABLOID TOPICS.

News of the World headline: "Romance of Earl's Heir." Wasn't cut this time, evidently.

* * *

Mr. James Small, aged 79, married a lady of 45 at Epsom last week. Small, but not early.

* * *

"Can Women be Solicitors," asks a *Votes for Women* poster. The answer is in the affirmative.

* * *

A pavement artist says the kinema shows have ruined his business. Of course, his pictures don't move with the times.

* * *

Motor-Car Soap Prize is the label of an enterprising soap firm's prize scheme. Is it a case of "the more you rub it the faster."

* * *

The Rev. W. J. Jack, of Newcastle, approves of rag-time music for hymns in church. Merely the logical sequence of the button in the collecting box.

* * *

The pleasure steamer "Koh-i-noor" struck and sank a sailing barge in the Thames last week. It wasn't "the Mint" that had a corner knocked off this time.

* * *

"The debtor is most elusive," said a County Court claimant. "He hops over the garden wall in order to avoid us." The obvious expedient is to catch him on the hop.

* * *

"Men to do Bees' Work" runs a heading, apropos of the Isle of Wight bee disease. Time some men were taught to bee-hive themselves, says a coster girl of our acquaintance.

* * *

Whitechapel costermongers, it was announced a day or two ago, intend to have a candidate of their own at the next general election. There is a member for Barrow already.

* * *

Contrary to first conjectures the appointment of Miss Enid C. Duncan to act as a justice of the peace for the purpose of certifying lunatics has no connection with the outbreak of "Suffragitis."

* * *

Vanity bags for lady bathers are the sensational novelty of the season, says a fashion expert. The g'hirls will thus be able to equip themselves so as to fascinate the swell of the ocean.

* * *

An escaped Smithfield Market bull took refuge last Monday in the precincts of a public house, and refused to budge for some hours. He doubtless preferred the porter there to those in the market.

* * *

"In order to obtain a license for a public house a man must have a better character than a bishop," said a speaker at the Licensed Victuallers' Conference. That is to say, he should be his spiritual superior.

* * *

Recently at Castle Hedingham (Essex) hailstones fell "as large as hens' eggs." It is a frequent complaint with consumers—not only at Castle Hedingham—that they are served with hens' eggs as large as hailstones.

* * *

The Danish Landsting, or Upper House of Parliament, will probably be reformed as a result of the recent general election. Following British precedents, the sting will be extracted before the land is taken away.

* * *

Apropos of the Tango and similar dances Father Bernard Vaughan says: "Not even the negro and negress think of breaking into such performances except when they are drunk." They must break out before they break in.

* * *

Two Yorkshire M.P.'s are organising a pigeon-flying contest, starting from Palace Yard, for the benefit of fanciers in their constituencies. We understand that certain Lancashire Members intend to outrival them by instituting whippet racing along the Terrace.

* * *

With regard to melodrama, a *News and Leader* authority states that "Even the select, the sardonic playgoer with a penchant for problems . . . books seats for himself and his family, and has a rare good time." In common with managers, we should like to see him have a frequent good time.

DRAMA AND DIMPLES.

Jupper was a journalist. He preferred to dub himself man of letters. Which meant that he kept the pot boiling by composing, in his workroom off the Strand, "stuff" for the newspapers and tales for the magazines. His fiction was sentimental. Under a commonplace exterior there lurked a susceptible soul, which yearned even for adventures—with a love interest. It was the thought of Mrs. Jupper, a somewhat dour lady who inspired awe, that kept her husband in the straight and narrow path of duty and respectability.

He would probably never have side-slipped but for his literary ambitions. Struggling under the belief, which certainly received no encouragement from the managers, that he could write plays, he gave to the world "The Broken Heart," "If She Only Knew," and other like dramas of the treacley kind. The managers received him affably, but kindness to the Press is never thrown away—but "alas," they said with unanimity, "good as your play undoubtedly is, it is hardly the sort of thing we want."

Nothing daunted, Jupper determined that he would electrify the world, and cause cascades of tears from the galleries to flood the pit, by being the author of the drama of the age. His work only required more polish, reflected. He would engage a typist for a month and thus allow time for the sand-papering and finishing off.

The first typist—Mrs. Jupper selected her—was short and angular. Jupper complained that there was something about her appearance which checked his flow. And when she took to sniffing while he was dictating most tender passages in "All for a Kiss," he could stand no longer; and she went.

The next Jupper chose. She had fluffy hair and a [illegible] which secretly annoyed Mrs. Jupper—and a [illegible] pathetic eye which pleased Jupper. No longer was [illegible] blighted influence on his pen. She even [illegible] improvements. It was due to her that Jupper changed "heart-beat" into "heart-throb." Indeed, with the assistance "All for a Kiss" became a veritable labour of love.

About this time Mrs. Jupper observed that her husband was becoming irregular in his domestic habits. Press work was the explanation given for his unpunctual return at close of day. One evening passed without his coming at all. It was nearly midnight before Jupper came home, and only his solemn assurance that he had been [illegible] for a Kiss" on a manager appeased her.

After that Jupper was frequently out of [illegible] ing those beastly managers," he told his [illegible]

One morning Jupper, as he was about [illegible] repeated the now familiar message to his wife. "I shall be late to-night, dear. I have an engagement with one of those theatrical Johnnies at nine to discuss the He is beginning to nibble."

"Which one?" replied Mrs. Jupper, shortly.

"Oh—ah—yes—no. I'm hanged if the man's name slipped my memory. It's one of the well-known men I left his letter at my room."

"I always like to know where you are," said frigidly.

"If you wish it, I'll wire the name when I [illegible] room," said Jupper, trying to assume, not wholly fully, an innocent no-deception-about-me sort of air.

"Please do," answered she.

When he had gone the spark of suspicion which Mrs. Jupper's mind began to glow. Little things noticed now came back to her, and soon [illegible] into a flame.

After much thinking, she seized a [illegible] forms and despatched to every manager in [illegible] ing wire: "Is my husband meeting you [illegible] Jupper."

Soon after, the promised telegram arrived from the Jupper giving the name of Prim, who ran Shakespeare companies and was himself a model of propriety, as manager he was seeing that night.

The replies to her enquiry were received in the [illegible] the morning. All, save Prim, sent the same brief [illegible] and one which eloquently told of their [illegible] with the errant Jupper. Every one of [illegible] "Yes." Prim, alone, replied "No."

After a painful scene next day, in which Jupper [illegible] presence of mind, his wife her temper and the dimples her place, a penitent Jupper from thenceforth regularly came home to dine. And his fare was humble pie.

She: "I heard your friend Adolphus had a good start in life."
He: "So he had, but he was facing the wrong way."

...p wound up and she will run somebody

* * *

...an who wants the middle of the road is destined to ...shaps.

* * *

...ecting the worst and being ready for it is about the ...kind of excitement some people enjoy.

Bachelors are "women's rights," and widowers are women's lefts.

* * *

Many who complain of the high cost of living mistake luxuries for necessaries.

* * *

Self-made pedestals, strange to say, are a good deal more numerous than self-made men.

IN STAGELAND.

I have heard a pretty little tale concerning Miss Jean Aylwin, of the piquant personality, apparently at the expense of Mr. Harry Grattan, of "Buying a Gun" fame, in whose new sketch, "A Careless Lassie," she is appearing just now with complete success. It appears that on arrival at the station last Sunday midnight for her all-night journey to Glasgow, where she appeared on Monday evening, she and her friends were astounded to find that instead of first-class sleeping accommodation having been secured, someone had bungled and a nice third-class compartment, fully entitled to that respect which old age and malodorous upholstery confers, was awaiting her. So we all went home again!

MISS SHIRLEY KELLOGG IN "HULLO, RAGTIME!"

* *

In response to frantic appeals the journey was subsequently undertaken early Monday morning under the correct conditions, and she appeared very late but beautifully chic and crisp as we always know her. So Glasgow was refreshed!

* *

Which reminds me that I shall be very ill indeed on Wednesday morning, for Miss Aylwin, assisted by exquisite little Cora Goffin, is making and selling toffee at the Theatrical Garden Party at Chelsea Hospital Gardens to-morrow (Tuesday). Since I shed my rustic innocence—about the same times as my petticoats—a very little toffee goes a fearful long way! But it's got to be done.

* * *

You may buy roses of Mlle. Pavlova, strawberries and cream from Miss Lilian Braithwaite; Mr. Gerald du Maurier will show you how to shoot; and hosts of charming famous people will sell things they have never sold before in the sacred cause of Charity. If you can obtain one so late, your ticket will cost 3s. to-day (Monday), any left being sold at 5s. to-morrow.

MR. BILLY MERSON (Hippodrome).

Now I must get down to duty, as I [illegible] less pleasant matter in "La Petit [illegible] American French), which is going the round [illegible] This act is billed as a "Ragtime Revel" [illegible] fact it is very many other things besides, and I [illegible] to re-label it until it is happily lost to us [illegible] Yankee obscurity. International amity can be [illegible] far, and I for one very strongly resent certain foreign [illegible] habits likely to exercise a retrograde tendency [illegible] improving tastes.

* * *

In this undesirable American obsession, from [illegible] suffer so acutely at the moment, one occasionally [illegible] oasis of sheer pleasure. I am quite keen o[illegible] where due, and Mr. George Beban's "The Sign [illegible] should fill the Palladium during the whole te[illegible] Oh! if only this was typical of the American [illegible] London now instead of a brilliant exception—[illegible] use crying over spilt milk, and they're a[illegible] Beban's sketch, however, is a tragic gem of rarest [illegible] a superlatively artistic setting.

* * *

"Typhoon" has shifted its quarters from Hayma[illegible] the Queen's Theatre. Generous Royal support—[illegible] Majesties followed by senior members of the Royal [illegible] have witnessed it—and judicious press hamill[illegible] vinced the heat-stricken multitude that Mr. La[illegible] and Miss Mabel Hackney in this brainy drama [illegible] —as indeed they are!

* * *

If you want real good melodrama, laid on the A[illegible] Ameri—now I swear I won't use that word a[illegible] weeks—I say the new play, "Within the [illegible] replaced "Typhoon" at the Haymarket is very well worth while. The reason is that it has been translated from bad into good English and remoulded by Frederic Fenn and Arthur Wimperis, and the Mark of the Master has made it good workable material.

MISS ETHEL LEVEY IN "HULLO, RAGTIME!"

* *

Ragtime, opera, comedy and musical "turns" are now among the novelties presented at the Scala by means of the new Kinoplastikon. The natural-colour pictures are a splendid example of present-day photography, but surely something could be done to eliminate that annoying flicker, which nowadays is rarely seen at the ordinary picture theatre.

* *

In spite of the hot weather "The Chaperon" at the Strand continues to do exceedingly good business. My personal impression of the play is that it does not make [illegible] a good idea. If all three acts were as good as [illegible] should not have a wrong word to say, but the secon[illegible] third act have not quite that breathless, if unconvinc[illegible] second thoughts, touch that goes to make a really [illegible] Nevertheless there is abundant food for laughter, the [illegible] in which the play is staged leaves nothing to be desire[illegible] the first act alone is worth the money.

* * *

Miss Vera Maxwell, the charming comedienne, an[illegible] Jack Jarrott will shortly appear on the screen in a [illegible] waltzing act. The waltz is *The Evening News* "[illegible] Gay," and was (when filmed) conducted by the compos[illegible] Archibald Joyce.

* * *

Miss Florence Turner, who until recently [illegible] many of the Vitagraph Company's films, is [illegible] the stage in London, before resuming her [illegible] actress in her own company, the Turner Film [illegible]

A HALF-CROWN P.O. FOR EVERY LEAGUE MEMBER. SEE PAGE 117.

SARAH JENNINGS.

Royal and Noble Love Affairs.

No. 5 (NEW SERIES):

THE LOVE-PANGS OF THE FAMOUS SARAH JENNINGS AND THE GREAT DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

Nobody has been able to answer this [illegible]. Every man and woman in the world [illegible] to their lives, however. Plato asked it. [illegible] Carlyle asked it. And George Robey asks [illegible]. But nobody offers a solution. Everybody [illegible] some twice, some three, some weekly. Royal [illegible] permitted to fall in love as often as they [illegible] fall in love because they get bored with life [illegible] Men thrive on love affairs. Women become "inter[illegible]." Platonic [illegible] eternal. But the sum-total of the [illegible] that it is the only thing in the world. [illegible] death, which is common to the whole human [illegible] the added charm that it makes wise men as [illegible]. We have seen in these narratives the [illegible] and credulity to which royal princes and [illegible] statesmen, poets, and heroines have been brought [illegible] of Cupid. Now we shall see how the [illegible] country ever produced was reduced by [illegible] the woman he loved to the consistency of

The Birth of Sarah Jennings.

[illegible] the cause of all the trouble the great Duke [illegible] experienced in the lists of love, appeared [illegible] verdant world upon a bright May day, which had [illegible] to linger in the memory of Englishmen and women [illegible] bells in England rang on the morning that saw poor [illegible] (as she lived to be known) make an incon[illegible] the child of a simple country squire of [illegible]. Nobody rang the bells for Sal, of course. Lots [illegible] had appeared before, and nobody troubled [illegible]. As to Sal, she was the least noticed of the lot, [illegible] appearance coincided with that great event of the year [illegible] of Civil War, and the arrival back in England [illegible] in France of the Merrie Monarch—King

Sal's Sister Becomes Maid of Honour to the Queen.

[illegible] great day for Englishmen. It heralded an [illegible] good will. Fathers and sons, brothers and [illegible] divided, and at each others throats, long [illegible] the country had been decimated by military, [illegible] religious strife, and at last Cromwell's day was [illegible]. The real ex-King returned to his own, and his people [illegible] him as if he had been the noblest genius and [illegible] the country had ever known. And it was whilst [illegible] hurrahing the name of Good King Charles that [illegible] Jennings was born in the sleepy and old-world village [illegible] by St. Albans town. Sal's lineage was [illegible] mother a lady of good sense and much [illegible] With her brothers and sisters little Sarah Jen[illegible] in the leafy lanes of Hertfordshire. One by [illegible] elder sisters got married, and one of them, [illegible] a place in the entourage of the Queen as Maid[illegible]. Jennings was a tall and graceful girl, very [illegible] calm and gentle, and as unlike her younger sister [illegible] could be. Little Sarah, being the youngest girl, was [illegible] she grew up full of sins and graces, with a bad [illegible] tongue, a born schemer, and a menace to [illegible] mind of every impressionable youth who crossed

Discreditable Source of the Marlborough Honours.

That was Sarah Jennings at thirteen years of age. One day her sister Frances appeared at Sandridge in a gay coach, and demanded Sal for the service of the Duchess of York, in London. The Duchess of York was, of course, the wife of King Charles's famous brother York, who eventually became King James II. The Duke and Duchess of York had eight children, six of whom died young, leaving two girls, Mary and Anne, still in the nursery at the time that Sarah Jennings left her simple home in the country to become the playmate of the princess who in later days was destined to rule this country as Queen Anne. Amongst the rising stars of that time was a young officer from the West Countrie, John Churchill by name, whose sister, Arabella Churchill, had already become the mistress of the Duke of York, and who therefore had the means of advancement at hand. It is a sad parody upon human greatness that the honours of the great Duke of Marlborough were all due to his sister's depravity with a Royal prince—but there it is! Anyway, Arabella doubtless owed much of her influence with the Duke of York to her good looks, and she closely resembled her brother, the ambitious young subaltern, who already had several battle-honours to his credit. At twenty-seven he was still unyoked, but no sooner did he clap eyes upon Sal Jennings than he fell head over heels in love with her.

The Course of True Love Like a Switchback.

And, as might have been expected, Sal proceeded to "play him up," as the flappers say nowadays, for all she was worth. When a man of twenty-seven falls in love with a chit of fifteen, he is in for a bad time! And John Churchill got it. One moment Sal smiled upon him, the next she pouted and ran away. Then she wrote him mad notes, and when he replied in the same vein she said he was cold, and she would never trouble him again. And she used to hide for weeks, so that he should get violently angry with her. They still do it! Pique and finesse were Sal's weapons—only she was more skilful in their use than any woman before or since. Probably, however, there was some cause for Sal's artifices in her *affaire* with John Churchill. The young officer was being pestered by the naughty Lady Castlemaine, who had been practically thrown over by the King for Moll Davis and Nell Gwynne, and she was very angry in consequence. It was annoying in the extreme for Sal Jennings to see handsome John Churchill entering the portals of Lady Castlemaine's, for that spelt trouble for the *real* love affair for certain!

The Enslavement of the Great Duke.

The crisis of the love of John Churchill and Sarah Jennings happened when the King one day went across to Lady Castlemaine's, and John Churchill was seen to drop hastily out of a back window of her Ladyship's lodgings. John, of course, heard no more of Sal for weeks. At last a Court function took place, which made the appearance of the lovers inevitable. They would not be able to speak, so Churchill wrote an appealing letter to Sarah, determined to give it to her in person. When they met, he shyly held out the letter, and Sal, tossing her head in the air, refused to touch it, and saucily passed him by.

The future Duke of Marlborough was having a rougher time than he had ever had on the battlefield. But nothing conquered his love for the lovely Maid of Honour. So he sat down and wrote to her, "I will never love anything but your dear self, which has made such a conquest of me that had I the will I had not the power to

break my chains! Pray let me hear from you, and know if I shall be so happy as to see you to-night!"

Sarah Jennings Courted by the Earl of Lindsey.

Then he appealed to her on the score of his being ill with headache (from which the Duke of Marlborough suffered all his life) and vowed in his pain "by all that is good, I love you so well that I wish from my soul that if you cannot love me I may die, for life to me would be a perpetual torment!" The Sphinx was at last touched. And when again Sal Jennings sat her down to write to John Churchill it was to reproach him with coldness! That's woman's way. Sal put on great airs of injured innocence; hinted at her other lovers; pretended she was being trifled with, and that her feelings had been grossly abused. "And as for seeing you," she wrote, "I am resolved I never will in public or private, if I can help it, and I will take care to order so as to be out of your way of seeing me. But surely you must confess that you have been the falsest creature upon earth to me!"

Such a letter naturally brought the love-sick swain to his knees. At this time Sal Jennings was being ogled by the Duke of York, and courted in deadly earnest by the Earl of Lindsey, afterwards Marquess of Ancaster, and though she romped at the Court balls with the gayest, her heart was ready to burst. The more jealous she made John Churchill, the more she lacerated herself!

Sarah Bitterly Reviles Colonel Churchill.

Then the unexpected occurred, which brought things to a pitch. John's father, Sir Winston Churchill, had determined that his handsome son should marry a fortune, and after long seeking he had found him a bride in the person of Catherine Sedley, a little wizened black thing, very thin and ugly, but who had a fortune of her own of a hundred thousand pounds. Her father was the popular knight, Sir Charles Sedley, and when Sir Winston Churchill had arranged the nuptials, he communicated his intentions to his son, and that gallant, being about "fed up" with Sal Jennings's airs, prepared to go abroad for a time in order to get over the parting. His preparations being communicated to the beauteous Maid-of-Honour to the Duchess of York, there was a scene of weeping and wailing such as never took place in a Royal palace before or since. All Sal Jennings's spirits arose against the match. Down she sat and wrote to her lover, "Marry a shocking creature for money! And this is what all your passionate protestations of love amount to." Space forbids our giving further samples of the wrath of the chagrined Maid-of-Honour, but John Churchhill was saved by his lady-love's frank jealousy. Down he came to his father's lodgings, and there and then he threw over Catherine Sedley, and not until the whole arrangement was mutually rescinded did he dare again to face the woman he loved.

The Last Word in Love.

"I vow to God you do so entirely possess my thoughts that I think of nothing else in the world but your dear self," wrote John Churchill to Sal. "I do not, by all that is good, say this that I may think it will move you to pity me, for I do despair of your love; but it is to let you see how unjust you are, and that I must ever love you as long as I have breath, do what you will!" But Sal Jennings was a born coquette, and she had but to bring her lover to his knees to bring her natural capriciousness once more into full play. Having seen the Sedley match completely broken off, Sal began again her programme of coquetry. She invited John Churchill to come to her, and in writing breathed the spirit of peace and good will. So, full of youthful lightheartedness, the gallant Colonel (he had just been given a big rise in the army) went down to Sal's lodgings, and was ushered into her apartment. But at the very moment that he entered one door, she stalked out of the opposite door, and John Churchill went away feeling that he had been fooled.

"The Same Devotion as to My God."

The *impasse* between the lovers now resulted in the Colonel's sitting down to write Sal Jennings "a final letter." His pen failed him, however, though his sword was mighty. He could not bring himself to say the final "Farewell!" and this is how the letter ended, "I have a thing to beg which I hope you will not be so barbarous as to deny me. It is that you will give me leave to do what I cannot help, which is to adore you as long as I live, and in return I will study how I may deserve, although not have, your love. I am persuaded that I have said impertinent things enough to anger you, for which I do with all my heart beg your pardon, and do assure you that from henceforth I will approach, and think of you, with the same devotion as to my God!"

The Awakening of a Coquette.

Sarah Jennings, of course, replied to this abject devotion by pretending she was being "badly used." She had done nothing, she declared, to merit his castigations of her. "If I had as little love as yourself, I have been told enough [illegible] me hate you, and then I believe I should have [illegible] happy than I am like to be now!" With such a [illegible] and many-sided minx to deal with, it is a marvel [illegible] not take a final turn for the better in the form of a [illegible] match on the part of John Churchill with a [illegible] time came, however, when Sal Jennings [illegible] awakened to the fact that a man's love cannot [illegible] indefinitely. It goes hard with the woman [illegible] marry another out of chagrin, for there is [illegible] about matrimony. But not until John Churchill [illegible] very point of saying "Good-bye!" for ever did [illegible] her dangerous coquetry for the softer rôle of [illegible] love, and ready to yield to anything for the sake [illegible]

And one winter's day in the year 1677 Sal [illegible] herself with John Churchill's head buried in [illegible] bosom, and as she rained kisses upon his bright [illegible] she told him that all the time she had loved but [illegible] earth, and that man was he. Within the [illegible] James's Palace soon after John Churchill and Sal were wed, and to the end of her long and adventurous Duchess of Marlborough never ceased to treasure [illegible] over, those appealing letters which told the story for the man she so tormented.

NEXT WEEK: THE EMPRESS MARIE-LOUISE AND NAPOLEON THE GREAT.

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU

The Editor will be pleased to answer readers' queries in this column.

J.T.W. (Orkney).—We have not the slightest [illegible] Scottish readers entering our big competition [illegible] "powers that be" in Scotland who object. [illegible]

A.L. (Highbury).—We appreciate your [illegible] specimen copies will be sent you.

C.T. (Old Hill, Staffs.).—Thanks for cutting. [illegible] useful. Glad you appreciate *Modern Life*. We are [illegible] sidering your suggestion.

J.B. (Manchester).—Congrats. [illegible] for a rainy day.

RIP (Stony Stratford).—You bet. That [illegible] was a frost.

TEDDY (Colchester).—The [illegible] (address 66, Balham Hill, S.W.) is the [illegible] The 5s. 9d. size will take four pairs.

H.S. (Warialda, N.S.W.).—Always [illegible] readers in far-off climes. Write again.

A.R.R. (Kingston).—(1) The firm you require is [illegible] ible Mending Co., of 174, Fleet Street, and [illegible] born. (2) There are plenty of preparations on the [illegible] for increasing the growth of moustaches.

H.M.R. (E. Greenwich).—Any [illegible] work for you for 2s. or 2s. 6d. We have no [illegible] ing cases.

C.P. (Rotherham).—It is your small stature which [illegible] bar. Drop a line to Professor Prowse, of 3, Norfolk [illegible] Chambers, Croydon, who will put two to three inches [illegible] your height in three months.

RAMPTON (Sheffield).—(1) Should think it a [illegible] habit. (2) No special meaning can be attached [illegible]

E.S.B. (Golders Green).—(1) Brilliantine will [illegible] your hair. (2) Harlene might suit your complaint. [illegible] firm is an old one, and, we think, can be relied [illegible]

ELBO (Leeds).—In our opinion you are [illegible] By all means sue him.

PADDY (Edgware).—Far, too many! One [illegible] diem is "suffish." Try sucking acid drops, or [illegible]

Tommy: Pop, what is a diplomat?

Tommy's Pop: A diplomat, my son, is a man who [illegible] bers a woman's birthday, but forgets her age.

What's in your cigarette?

YOU can roll fresh, sweet, cool tobacco into cigarettes you make yourself; but you never know what is inside the cigarettes you buy ready-made. Why not make your own with *fresh* tobacco, and roll it in the "A.G." Cigarette Paper.

You will find that your own cigarettes will be cooler, last longer, and they will cost you less *less*.

But insist on

"A.G." Cigarette Paper

No other is so fine or so good.

Sold [illegible]

READ PAGE 117 FOR OUR FREE GIFT BICYCLE.

ODERN SPORT
FOR MEN AND WOMEN

et another of the first-class counties has experimented upon Saturday start, Surrey having met Essex at the Oval. This ovation was accompanied by the pleasantest of conditions, and ...ally proved to be an enormous success. Certainly there are more workers who have a Saturday afternoon free than any other day, but it just occurs to one that many of the ten or twelve thousand who were at Kennington on Saturday might have been playing themselves on some contested field; or they might have been supporting some club match with their presence. It was just the day to be out in the open air, anyway, and a most excellent sixpennyworth was obtainable at Surrey's headquarters. There are many arguments in favour of the general starting of a match on Saturdays, and there are many against such a practice. Yorkshire will not hear of a Saturday

t. Leicestershire and Warwickshire were the first teams to ...t in a first-class county match which started on a Saturday, ... that was on May 9th, 1908.

...ne cannot mention Surrey's innings against Essex without ...g the palm to "Bertie" Strudwick, or "Struddy," as the ...e wicket-keeper is called. Strudwick scored 95, and with ...ison ... on, 154 runs in the astonishingly short time of ... minutes, for the eighth wicket, and at a time when ... wickets were down for 154. Strudwick is quite a ... at the Oval, even only for his wicket-keeping, but ...wd went wild with enthusiasm as he went along, saving ... In ... building, it is the wicket-keeper who should ... and although not worth a run the best wicket-...l merits and one is a better bat, then choose the latter. ... that reason, Strudwick has not kept wicket for England, in England. He has figured in the position in Australia and South Africa, however, and when in South Africa three years ago he and Woolley put on 69 runs for the last wicket in the third test match, which effort undoubtedly had a lot to do with England's three-wicket victory. More recent is a partnership in which Strudwick figured largely, when at Sheffield in a trial match between Warner's and Jessop's teams, Strudwick and J. W. Hearne added 126 runs in a hundred minutes for the last wicket, against five bowlers. That particular match, by the way, was remarkable for the withdrawal of Shipman who was affected by the heat, and Hearne as the substitute was allowed

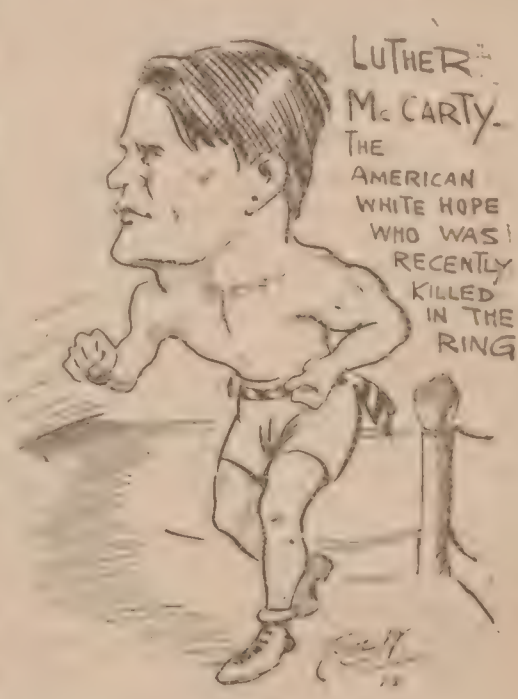
... and bowl in the match. It may not have been in order, ... the match was a trial game. Hence Strudwick should yet ... his ... colours in England, for he is clearly the best ... per in England at the present time.

...this weather only continues cricket will work out its own ...ation and its detractors will become mute. What can be ... of Derbyshire?

Last season the Midlanders beat only Leicestershire and Somerset, but already they have three consecutive victories, and the defeat of Warwickshire was carried out in the most convincing manner. Set with 261 runs to get in the fourth innings of the match, and after being well behind on the first innings, the runs were obtained for the loss of three wickets. In the whole history of Derbyshire cricket the Midlanders have never won the three opening matches of the season. Captain Baggallay is pulling his side together capitally, and his enthusiasm is contagious. It might be mentioned, also, that nowadays youngsters get the encouragement which was not the case a few years ago.

EIGHTS WEEK AT OXFORD.

New College do not believe in doing things by halves. Although it was as long ago as 1815 that Brasenose came first to be called "The Head of the River," it was not till 1887 that New College headed the boats for the first time. Their second success was in 1896, which started a sequence of four years. Magdalen deprived the horizontally striped orange and violet colours of the honour in 1900, but New College again appeared first in 1901, 1903, and 1904, and this year is the third year in succession that they have headed the river. Christ Church have finished top nineteen times; Brasenose, eighteen; New College, eleven; and so one goes down till it has to be recorded that St. John's, Merton, Lincoln, Worcester, Keble, Jesus, St. Edmund Hall and St. Catherine's have yet to get their first victory. Worcester, St. John's, Merton and Jesus, of the foregoing, were amongst the most successful boats during last week's races, Worcester making six "bumps," and the other three and four respectively. Curious as it may seem, the Cambridge May Week does not come along till June, the opening of their Summer Eights synchronising with the running of the Derby.



LAWN TENNIS TOPICS.

The first Lawn Tennis tournament of the season—Grass Court Tournament—has been played under the most delightful conditions, even admitting that the easterly and north-easterly breezes were blowing at Surbiton. The meeting was the Surrey Championships, and once again the finalists' names were as familiar as household words. C. P. Dixon gained the distinction of winning the Gentlemen's Singles Cup for the third time in succession, and he thus wins the trophy outright. C. P. Dixon, who with H. Roper-Barratt holds the World's Men's Doubles title, won the Doubles with the Englishman having a foreign name, T. M. Mavrogordato, and with Mrs. Larcombe, the Ladies' Singles champion of the Wimbledon meeting last year, and (with Miss Longhurst) the holder of the Ladies' doubles championship, won the Mixed Doubles. Yet, it could not be conceded that C. P. Dixon really showed championship form. Mrs. Sterry, who had a great year in 1908, when she won the Ladies' Singles, the Ladies' Doubles, and the Mixed Doubles, won the Surrey Ladies' Singles championship. There was something approaching a sensation at Surbiton early in the week, G. A. Thomas and A. H. Lowe being the actors. The former, who is the Isle of Wight champion, forcibly protested against circumstances which kept his opponent away from the courts all day Monday, and till evening time on Wednesday. Thomas did not see the fun of waiting all that time for Lowe to appear, and consequently allowed Lowe to have a walk-over. The two were drawn to play in the first round. It would assist matters if players were either "ordered" to play at a certain time, or would "agree" upon some time between themselves, and acquaint the management, so that a court would be available. There is nothing so annoying as hanging about.

The fact that the Ladies' Doubles and the Mixed Doubles events at Wimbledon next month are to carry with them the World's distinction will no doubt distress some of the people associated with the Northern and Buxton Tournaments, which organisations have previously possessed the right of having the events under their auspices. The Ladies' Doubles and the Mixed Doubles Championships date from 1885 and 1888 respectively, but the Men's Singles, the Men's Doubles and the Ladies' Singles date from 1877, 1879 and 1884 respectively.

IF YOU WANT A FREE SAFETY SHAVING OUTFIT, READ PAGE 117.

AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.

The Amateur Gold Champpionship has been held each year since 1886 inclusive, and in each succeeding year new aspirants to the honour appear in the competition. Any golfer from any part of the world can, subject to approval, take part in the championship, so long as he has never made for sale golf clubs, balls or any other article connected with the game; if he has never carried clubs for hire after attaining the age of fifteen years and not carried clubs for hire at any time within six years of the date on which the competition begins in each year; if he has never received any consideration for playing in a match, or for giving lessons in the game, and if for a period of five years prior to Sept. 1st, 1886, he has never received a money prize in any open competition. It was originally ruled that the championship be played successively at St. Andrew's, Hoylake and Prestwick, but since then additional courses have been included in the championship links, Sandwich and Muirfield being added in 1896 and 1897 respectively, while last year Westward Ho made the sixth course. There are five Americans in this year's competition, innumerable Englishmen and Scotsmen, a sprinkling of Frenchmen, an entrant from British Columbia, one from Canada and one from India. In 1904 the American W. J. Travis beat Edward Blackwell in the final at Sandwich by 4 and 3, and this gentleman is made favourite by the Scotsmen for the championship. But Blackwell and Abe Mitchell, last year's runner-up, met in the second round. Edward Blackwell, by the way, had a brother who took many golfing honours while in Pietermaritzburg. Poor Lieutenant "Freddie" Tait, champion in 1896 and 1898, was killed in South African during the war.

It was to be regretted that John Ball was physically handicapped, and it is surprising that the Champion actually played. He had a bandaged hand, and his ankle was troublesome, but he struggled along gamely, and the issue of his match with F. Egerton Pegler, who hails from Sheffield, was in doubt till the last hole was reached. Indeed, several games went to the last hole, while other players went to the nineteenth, twentieth and twenty-first hole. Runaway victories were scored by R. W. Orr over Jerome le Blan and by Macbeth, who entered from Lille, over Hamilton of Mid-Surrey, the margin in each case being 9 and 7. Only one "foreign" entrant survived the first round, Mr. Heinrich Schmidt, of Massachusetts, conquering D. S. Crowther by 4 and 3. The feature of the American's play was his putting, for on seven greens he needed only one putt, and in addition he laid his opponent three stymies. There were seventy matches down for decision in the first round, but six players entered the second round without playing, through scratchings. Through the excessive rain, many bunkers contained water, varying from a little to a lot, and some of the players had to negotiate niblick shots while standing in several inches of water, and many players used non-floating golf-balls. As was only to be expected, the second round fight between Blackwell and Mitchell, the artisan golfer, possessed something of the dramatic about it. Here were two terrific drivers, and both had been in the final of the Championship, Mitchell last year, and Blackwell in 1904. Mitchell is said to be on the verge of joining the professional ranks, and that being so the Cantelupe player will have played his last match in the Amateur Championship. The two men played a fierce game, and at times Blackwell quite out-drove his opponent. The Scotsman turned with an advantage of one hole and eventually won by 4 and 2. Of the eight players who reached the antepenultimate round, there was not one who arrived at that stage last year, but H. H. Hilton was in possession of a much more noted experience, seeing that he had been runner-up thrice, and had actually won the championship thrice. In 1891, 1892 and 1896 he unsuccessfully contested the final, but in 1900, 1901 and 1911 he beat James Robb, John L. Low and E. A. Lassen respectively. Although acting well within their rights, it is generally considered that the Green Committee acted harshly towards the Hon. Michael Scott, who is an ex-champion of Australia, in giving J. Carmichael Dickson a walk-over against the Colonial, because the visitor did not materialise at the proper time for his match. The pair played [illegible] was beaten by Scott. Of course punctuality at [illegible] "it." The appearance of a lady caddie created some [illegible] and although her father beat the Hon. Denys Scott for [illegible] round, the fair one was not a match when the [illegible] man had to meet Heinrich Schmidt, the American [illegible] winning in the easiest fashion by 8 and 6. [illegible] round games were decided on the last hole. [illegible] Hilton and Gillies a decision was not arrived [illegible] had played a nineteenth hole. H. D. Gillies [illegible] well, who had beaten Mitchell, and Gillies had [illegible] who had previously beaten J. E. Laidlay, who by the [illegible] won the championship in 1889 and 1891 and had been [illegible] in 1888, 1890 and 1893.

CRICKET.

During the first half of the week, in most [illegible] weather, seven games were played and there [illegible] definite results and a whole lot of runs. On [illegible] Derbyshire and Kent shared the distinction of [illegible] per cent. Apropos of Derbyshire, it may be remembered [illegible] years ago Essex scored 597 in their first innings against [illegible] shire, and yet the Peakites beat Essex. It is not likely [illegible] Derbyshire will maintain their great start, but the [illegible] early in the season has caused general interest. No [illegible] seven centuries were scored in the seven matches, [illegible] and Mead belonging to the test match contingent. [illegible] long way from the first Gentlemen-Players' match, [illegible] the Oval fixture is July 10th, but there would [illegible] fairly stiff bit of work for the selectors, and no doubt [illegible] have an eye on the question of the English team to tour [illegible] Africa after the end of the present season in England. [illegible] as the South Africans will put several new men into their [illegible] so it may follow that England will have some fresh players [illegible] will get representative honours. Makepeace, who made only [illegible] score of a hundred last season, but who was pretty [illegible] has already topped the century twice, and he is [illegible] names for fresh honours which must of necessity [illegible] at any rate at the present moment. Naturally, with [illegible] prevailing, bowlers are to be pitied, and one is apt to [illegible] the fact that a side to be a great one has to possess [illegible] for all manner of wickets. At the time of writing, the historic quotation must be repeated "'Wait and See!'"

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The above prizes will be awarded to the first 65 correct solutions opened on that date. The competition will be decided in the presence of a Director of "Modern Life," whose decision shall be final. No employee of Holborn Hall College will be allowed to compete. The prizes will be despatched same day.

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The names and addresses of winning competitors will be published in "Modern Life" dated June 28 (published June 23) 1913.

CONSONANTS:—

P | B \ F \ V / K / G _ T — D

These signs are thickened to add "R" thus:—

PR | BR \ FR \ VR / KR / GR _ TR — DR

VOWELS:—

Short "A," as in "bat" Long "O," as in "boat."

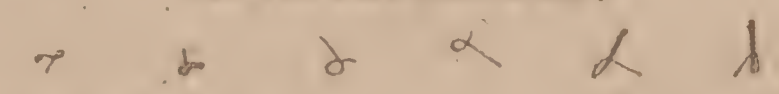
"OO," as in "boot."

In Sloan-Duployan "New Rapid" Lessons vowels are always written according to their sound, in the body of the word, without lifting the pen.

EXAMPLES:—

Pack	p a k	Grope	g r o p
Voter	v o t r	Craft	k r a f t
Pad	p a d	Batter	b a t r

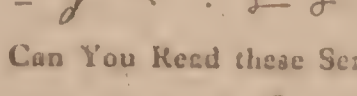
Can You Read these Words?



WORD CONTRACTIONS:—

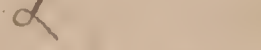
— And _ The \ In \ Have / Go . A

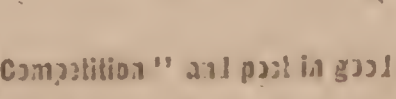
EXAMPLES — The duke drove the trap.

 The crew have a bad boat.

Can You Read these Sentences?

1.

2 

3. 

Mark your envelopes "Competition" and post in good time to the Secretary,

SHORTHAND ASSOCIATION,

303, Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.

(ONLY ADDRESS.)

Telephone: 6111 HOLBORN.

STOCKS AND SHARES

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

During the last two or three days markets have been dull again, for no apparent reason unless the talk of the Balkan Allies quarrelling between themselves can be put down as the reason.

* * *

There are excellent investments going in all markets yielding from 4½ to 5 per cent. and even more, and now is the time to secure them.

* * *

I am not now speaking of speculative securities but genuine investments. Home Rail Debentures, Foreign Rail Debentures, and the prior charge stocks of most Companies have for years not given such high yield, and on their yield alone are most attractive.

* * *

When the monetary position improves there will be a capital increase in the value, which will accrue to all present purchasers.

* * *

Readers will remember my hinting last week that things are moving for a boom in American Rail Roads, and I still advise this market as the best for speculators.

* * *

Unions are another two or three points to the good, and as soon as a settlement of the Merger Scheme is definitely arranged this stock is likely to rise another 10 or 15 points.

* * *

Erie Common is a very attractive pick-up at the present price.

* * *

The bears have been raiding the more speculative stocks in the Home Railway Market, like Brighton Deferred, Great Central Preferred, Great Northern Deferred, and South Eastern Deferred, with the result that prices have come back a point or two.

* * *

This only makes the stock more attractive to the speculative investor, who on this reaction has a rare chance to buy now for a certain rise during the present account. These opportunities I like to see readers take advantage of, and I hope those who have got money to spare will do so for their own sakes.

* * *

Among Oils Shell Transport have been bid for, and these shares should most certainly be bought despite the present price of about 5¾.

My hint to readers last week that Shells are good for £7 is likely to be quickly realised, as the dividend prospects for last year are excellent. The market is already talking of a minimum dividend for the year of 35 per cent., but optimists are going for 40 to 45 per cent.

* * *

We really look like having a blaze in the Oil market, which has been so long prophesied but has never materialised. The trouble is the right shares to buy, as there is so much rubbish knocking about in this market that readers need to be careful in what they purchase, but I shall be pleased to advise readers at any time of the best producing companies.

* * *

The approaching annual report from the Premier Oil and Pipe Line is being eagerly looked for by many, and as an increased dividend is expected owing to the greatly increased profits the shares should be a good buy at the present price.

* * *

Further information to hand regarding the Galician Oil Trust properties only confirms the favourable opinion I expressed last week.

* * *

The reasonable capitalisation of £253,031, the productive activity of its eight wells, the probability of striking oil in the five shafts now sinking within the producing area, and the increasing output of about 3,500 tons per month are facts that go far to sustain he opinion that 8s. is an altogether too low price for these shares.

* * *

The present output if sustained means that this latest "baby" fostered by Mr. E. T. Boxall is destined to a great future. The dividend prospects are most promising. When the first is announced, a considerable rise is certain.

Maikop descriptions I do not advise at present despite Mr. Tweedie's optimism.

* * *

In the South African Group, as a speculation, I am much attracted to "Chartereds" at the present low of about 21s., and at anything like this price there be several shillings per share profit by-and-bye.

* * *

Simmer Deeps keep an excellent market, and only a few shares about at 4s. 3d. to 4s. 6d. These Chartereds are about the only speculative securities care for at the present time. As for investments, there plenty to suit all tastes.

* * *

There is a rumour getting about that a dividend paid on the Simmer Deep Ordinary Shares in June. is justification for this report when one considers the profits of the Company now average over £7,000 a against £1,324 last October.

* * *

At this rate the Company is earning over £80,000 a out of which about £45,000 has to go to the interest Debentures, but the balance of £40,000, if used for dends on the Ordinary Shares, is equal to 2½ per cent. on this basis the shares should be worth 9s. to 10s., a am strongly of the opinion that on any improvement in Mining market these shares will be the first to rise. should at any rate be held for a 4s. or 5s. rise if purchased now.

* * *

The general tendency among Tin Shares has been wards improvement; indeed, the Nigerian Tin Group been about the foremost of the various mine sections during the past week.

* * *

When the wet season sets in a number of the companies operating on the tin fields should increase their output and then we are likely to see a considerable broadening interest in Nigerians.

* * *

Among Industrials National Steam Cars have been heavily sold during the last month, but I cannot help any definite reason for same, as the Company's weekly traffic returns are excellent, averaging about £1,000 week increase.

I am personally of the opinion that the shares are cheap to buy at round about the present price of 28s.

* * *

The Rubber Market has been quite neglected, with prices still dwindling.

* * *

I shall be pleased to forward the name and address of a Member of the Stock Exchange to any reader wishing to invest or speculate.

ORTHOS.

* * *

As space does not permit for

BRIEF REPLIES

this week I am replying to all applications by post.

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THIS WEEK'S AWARDS.

2s. 6d. P.O.'s have been sent this week to the following 100 readers:—

James Anton, 129, Perth Road, Dundee; — Addison, 25, Burleigh Street, Stretford, Manchester; H. Abbott, 21, High Street, Ramsgate; A. C. Browne, 23, Hallower Lane, Dronfield; C. Burley, junr., 111, Speedwell Road, Hay Mill, Birmingham; John Barrett, "Ama Inn," York Street, Derby; Miss A. Baxter, 79, South Road, Lochee, Dundee; W. Bolton, 55, North View, Fence Houses, Durham; A. V. Blake, 12, Halton Road, Wallasey, Ches.; C. Bew, 9, Princess Place, Holland Park, N.; A. Crane, 75, Mayola Road, Clapton, N.E.; J. W. Clingo, 139, Allen Street, Sheffield; H. Card, 11, Wilson Street, Walthamstow; C. Crompton, 45, Nuttall Street, Bolton; J. R. Cartwright, 52, Mary Road, Widnes; A. J. Dickinson, 11, Fieldsway House, Highbury, N.; G. Davies, 1a, West Hill, Wandsworth; T. Eyles, Hillcrest, Outwood, nr. Wakefield; C. Ellis, 261, Galton Rd., Bearwood, Smethwick; John Fyfe, 6, Shore Terrace, Dundee; Geo. Fyfe, 36, Rankin Street, Dundee; W. Fleming, 7, Rugby Terrace, Broughty Ferry; J. Fletcher, 4, Archerry Street; P.C. Foster, Seven Sisters Police Station, Neath, Glam.; J. Frankland, Market Place, Knaresboro'; J. Fleet, 32, Albert Street, Runcorn; Wm. Grainger, Manchester Road, Swindon; W. Goodfellow, 18, Airlie Place, Dundee; N. Grant, 9, Camden Terrace, Leeds; A. Griffin, 136, Ferham Road, Masbro, Yorks; S. Harwood, 35, Manchester Street, Barrow-in-Furness; R. Hutcheon, 48, Grattan Place, Fraserburgh; H. C. Hill, 4, Wellington Place, Woodmancote, Dursley; A. Hill, 93, Peddie Street, Dundee; J. W. Hogg, 47, Morningside Road, Edinburgh; H. F. Holmes, 78, King's Road, Gosport, Hants; R. C. Harris, Sergeants' Mess, R.A. Pratrec Camp, Trawrfyngdd; G. W. Hall, 91, Telford Avenue, Streatham Hill; F. Hope, 5, Upper Richmond Road, Wandsworth; D. L. Hall, 96, Elm Grove, Rye Lane, Peckham; W. J. Johnson, New Chester, Ashton-on-Mersey; Albert Jay, 21, Charles Street, Trealaw, Glam.; Miss Jaslam, 28, St. Helens Street, Ipswich; J. James, 12, School Street, Deri, via Cardiff; D. Job, 35, Jenkin Street, Abercumboi, nr. Aberdare; H. V. Jesson, 87, Kenmore Road, Wavertree, Liverpool; Peter Kairns, 45, Blackness Road, Dundee; A. F. King, 33, Mendora Road, Fulham; W. Kieble, Eightlands Road, Dewsbury; L. D. F. Lambert, 145, Gwydir Street, Cambridge; Miss C. M. Lees, Rose Cottages, Tettenhall, via Wolverhampton; P. H. Liddington, M. and S.W. Junct. Rly., Town Station, Swindon; T. Lynch, 41, Peddie Street, Dundee; E. Livingstone, 16, Camp Street, Motherwell, Scotland; Mrs. E. Little, 16, Old Park Road, Buckland, Dover; Miss M. Lesbye, Salem, Cliffs End, Ramsgate; Miss J. M. Martin, 74, Lichfield Street, Wolverhampton; W. J. Matthews, Newsagent, Swindon; A. Morris, 24, The Parade, Porth, Glam.; R. Martin, 38, Oliver Rd., Ladywood, Birmingham; Miss E. Martin, 78, Lichfield St., Wolverhampton; F. Morandi, 55, Winchester Street, Victoria; M. Marcelle, 5, Upper Richmond Road, E. Putney; A. Morris, Newstead, Heaton, Bolton; E. Nutter, Staple, Canterbury; J. G. Ogilvy, 19, Toons Road, Lochee, Dundee; R. S. Orr, 5, McCandler Street, Belfast; J. Ogilvy, 110, High Street, Lochee, Dundee; H. Pullen, Park Lodge, Swindon, Wilts; A. E. Poore, Tram Office, Norton, Stockton-on-Tees; C. Plumley, 23, The Parade, Porth, Glam.; Sergt. A. S. Parry, The Verne, Portland; G. Pook, 31, Spencer Road, Putney, S.W.; Joseph Rider, 1, Bellbrooke Street, Harehills, Leeds; H. Ridge, Hillside House, Victoria Road, Swindon; J. E. Royston, 38, Bramall Lane, Sheffield; E. M. Roberts, Post Office, Trealaw, Glam.; Miss H. Richardson, 8, St. George's Buildings, St. George's Road, Southwark; H. Rodhouse, 37, Alma Street, Northampton; E. Stokes, 64, Cardigan Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne; W. Siley, 27, Clegg Street, Oldham; A. Stapleton, 61, Portobello Road, Notting Hill; C. Shaw, 14, Upper Fountain Street, Leeds; S. L. Smith, 128, Camden Road, Camden Town, N.W.; G. F. A. Sheldon, 82, Elgin Crescent, Holland Park, W.; Thos. Smallbones, Ship Hotel, Swindon; W. O. Slater, 7, India Buildings, Fenwick Street, Liverpool; D. Stuart, 9, Fair Oak Road, Cardiff; A. Sutherland, 1, West Bell Street, Dundee; G. Shannon, 219, Onslow Drive, Dennistoun, Glasgow; A. Stone, 33, Hardy Road, Wimbledon; Thos. Stainton, 21, Wilton Cres., Hawick, N.B.; A. Tibbles, 16, Brackenbury Rd., Hammersmith; J. H. Thomas, Lansamlet, Glam.; D. G. Thomas, 28, Albert Street, Merthyr, Glam.; E. Welch, 20, Upper West Street, Reigate; W. Williams, 52, Nichol Square, Hackney Road, N.; E. Wild, Post Office, Ammanford, Carm.; E. Wakenshaw, 63, Margaret Street, W.; D. Warner, 34, Woodfield Terrace, Trehavod.

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GIFTS FOR INTRODUCTIONS.

To each gentleman introducing six new members to the League, the Editor will present a complete Silver-plated Shaving Set, as illustrated. To every lady or gentleman who introduces twelve new members we will present a framed facsimile Oil Painting. These facsimiles are exact duplicates of oil-paintings, reproduced by a special process so that they can scarcely be distinguished from the original. The one illustrated is entitled "Golden Eve," and is 11½ by 7½ inches in size. The reproductions are on canvas and stretchers, and are beautifully framed.

A companion picture, to make a pair, may be secured by sending us 5s., which is the ordinary price of the framed pictures in this particular size.

RACING.

BY "OLD HAND."

The uppermost thought in the mind of most racing men at the moment is what will win the Derby of 1913? Is there anything in the race likely to beat Craganour, and if so what is it? I refer to most men rather than all, for the reason that there are a number who will not have it that Mr. Ismay's colt can win, and are already counting their winnings over something or other that they have fastened upon. I am afraid they are doomed to be greatly disappointed.

Some there are who point to the fact that Louvois was not himself on the day that the Newmarket Stakes was run, and think him likely to reverse the placings with his conqueror, and further discount the running on the grounds that even Sun Yat finished in front of him, taking the line of course that the latter is only a moderate animal.

Be that as it may, Mr. Raphael's colt was well beaten, and although I stood him at first I must give Craganour the preference, being certain as I am that he will confirm again on Wednesday the placings the last time they met.

All sorts of rumours have gone the rounds concerning Shogun since he ran in the "Guineas," but beyond a cracked heel I can assure my readers that there has never been anything wrong with him. It is said that the connections are pretty confident of his ability to beat all the English colts, but this is only an outside report, which I should be inclined to doubt.

It may of course be right, in which case I should not like to question the judgment of such good judges as Mr. Hulton and his trainer, but looking at it from my point of view, I don't see how, unless the colt has improved out of all recognition, he is to finish in front of the favourite. That he stays there may be no question, but if such a thing be possible there is less in regard to Craganour, and I would far rather have an animal that has proved his stamina on a racecourse than one with a reputation which he has yet to uphold. That at least disposes of two in favour of the favourite.

Since his last two races, Aldegond has become something of a back number and has hardly been mentioned in connection with the race, but from what I am able to learn he is doing very well indeed, and I still hold to the opinion which I have all along expressed, that he will prove the best of the Epsom trained division.

Mention of Aldegond reminds me that I recently had a letter from a reader who explained at some length how Great Sport was certain to beat him, and who moreover disagreed entirely with my view that the conqueror of Sanquhar should be quoted at greater odds than twenty to one. I might remark that my correspondent used a very sensible argument to bear out his views, but there were one or two points which he overlooked.

Whether or not Great Sport proves the better of the two remains to be seen; personally, I don't think he will, and I am still of opinion he represents more than a twenty to one chance. I might remark in passing that I am always glad to hear from readers whether their views agree with mine or not. There is always something to learn at this game on both sides.

Of the two French colts which we have heard so much about, only Nimbus is likely to run, but our friends across the way are quite satisfied with their one representative, and are more confident than usual of carrying off the race.

It will be remembered that when the chances of Vulcain and Nimbus were first mooted, the latter was credited with being about a seven pound better colt of the two. Well, Vulcain got a pretty good beating quite recently, which would of course put him out of the reckoning for our Derby, and it looks to me that if Nimbus is no more than the few pounds in front of him that he is said to be, then we need not seriously consider his chance of beating the best of ours.

If Lord Rosebery is represented it will probably be with Prue, whom Maher will ride; but even with the best of jockeyship I cannot fancy her chance greatly, as without any doubt the fillies are some bit behind the colts this year. I don't think there is anything else to trouble about, and my impression is that

CRAGANOUR

is a reasonably good thing for the Derby.

The running of Prue on Wednesday will afford us a much better opportunity of gauging her chance of winning the Oaks than we have at present, that is if she goes for the Ladies' race, which she may do if she is no worse for her earlier race. One thing certain is that she will not be unduly pressed in the Derby if it is seen that she has no chance of finishing with the leaders, and this being the case she should benefit by her outing rather than otherwise.

It must again be a very near thing between Jest and Taslett, as in the One Thousand, and I should not be at all surprised if this time the latter finished in front and so proved how unlucky she was previously. It will be remembered that she stumbled pretty badly and in addition was interfered with to such an extent by the winner that the connections felt themselves justified in lodging an objection, but the powers that be, holding that both were equally to blame, overruled it.

I don't know Mr. Hulton's intentions in regard to the filly he has in this race, but should imagine that he will run Waiontha, who is now in far better trim than when contesting the Esher Cup. She may not be quite good enough to win, but is pretty sure to finish close up. Having to weight so far ahead renders it difficult to estimate what is likely to run, but if the first three in the One Thousand meet again I shall leave it to them to fight it out, and give a slight preference to

TASLETT.

My remaining selections for the week are as under:—

TUESDAY.

Epsom Plate: Spanish Prince or Outram.
Egmont Plate: Miramichi.
Craven Stakes: Long Set.

WEDNESDAY.

Stewards' Handicap: High Rock.
Epsom Town Plate: Ardigon.

THURSDAY.

Coronation Cup: Tracery.
Royal Stakes: Cigar.
Durden's Handicap: Lomond.

FRIDAY.

Belmont Plate: Castleton.
Chipstead Plate: Dalys.

KEMPTON PARK—Saturday.

Windsor Castle Handicap Plate: Absurd.

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THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

One of the morning papers reports—from Oxford—that spats have gone out of fashion.

* * *

Personally, I believe that spats will always have their vogue. In winter, the covering to the ankles means warmth to the man troubled with cold feet. In summer, a pair of white spats, between a well-cut pair of trousers and a smart, well-polished pair of boots, is the last word in elegance—if such word is applicable to a mere man.

* * *

In selection of your spring and summer overcoat you would be well to have it rain-proof. This proofing is to-day a scientific process, not affecting appearance, weight, feel, or porosity of the woollen fabric.

* * *

A good tailor can now supply you with a spring overcoat at a moderate price, of light and medium weight, all wool, perfectly waterproof, and perfectly porous, so that perspiration is not induced when exercising in it.

* * *

If your choice should fall upon some particularly material which has not been waterproofed, your tailor can have it "proofed" at the expense of a few shillings and a few days' delay.

* * *

Rain-proof coats should be of loose, easy-fitting build. Strain upon the fabric in close-fitting garments takes away from the waterproof quality.

* * *

For négligé wear the Raglan sleeve is very comfortable in the rain-proof overcoat, and a deep vent at back with holes and buttons is advisable. The whole-back overcoat shows every crease from sitting.

* * *

I would emphasise the importance of the collar to the well-dressed man.

* * *

The double-collar is still worn, but it requires great care in selection. The well-cut double collar has the second button-hole in such position that the collar can be put on without bending or bruising the fronts.

* * *

The well-cut double collar allows free run for the tie when tightening up the sailor knot.

* * *

The badly cut double collar induces profanity. Beware of it, and select your collar-maker as carefully as you select the champagne for your birthday dinner.

* * *

A. F. (Halifax) says he is going to buy a raincoat, and wants one which will go well with any one of his lounge suits, which are green, grey, brown, and blue respectively. What colour do I advise him to get?

* * *

This is rather a poser. The chief difficulty is the blue suit, for it is not easy to find a raincoat that goes well with blue trousers showing underneath. A light one makes too much of a contrast, while a dark one makes you look too sombre.

* * *

Brown, too, is rather an awkward colour to match, unless the coat is of the same material, but then that would not go well with a grey or green.

* * *

Really, I don't think there is a colour that would absolutely (Shade of the Jubilee!) meet my friend's requirements. In his place I should be inclined to get a fairly light grey or green and grey mixture, but it's a makeshift at the best.

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